

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
THAT FAMOUS ROMAN
ORATOR
Marcus Tullius
CICERO.

LONDON,

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Printed by J. Smith, at the ...

The Scene ROME.

The persons of the PLAY.

The Ghost of *Julius Caesar*.

Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Quintus Cicero---his Brother.

Marcus Antonius } formerly Consul, now at enmity
with the Senate.

Octavius Caesar, }
Lepidus } Generalls for the Senate.

Publ. Servilius, }
Piso } Senators.

Calpurnius

Salvius

Cornelius

Publius Apuleius

} Tribunes of the people.

Minutius---Prator.

Popilius Lenas---a Collonell.

Cornelius---a Centurion.

Quintus Iunior---*Quintus Cicero's* son.

Philologus---a Scholar, *Quintus Cicero's* man.

Clodius

Lenas

} Commanders in *Lepidus's* Army,
friends to *M. Antonius*.

Laureas---a Poet, } *Marcus Cicero's*

Tyro---a great pretender to history, } men.

The Senate.

Chorus.

Pomponia---wife to *Quintus Cicero*.

Fulvia---*Marcus Antonius* wife.

Centurions.

Lictors.

Souldiers.

Messengers.

The scene ROME.

The persons of the PLAY.



I *Pura Cicero pater loquela*
I furista Quiritium supreme,
Post passas Latii furem iras
I pernix, fuge, & Alit Sabaei
Surgentis tepido ex rogo renatis
Vestitus calamis, petas Asylum
Magni pectoris, aurei, sereni,
In quo Mercurius, Themista, utroq;
Divini soboles Jovis triumphat,
Hermes eloquii fluentis autor
Aequi diva parens Themista Furis.



The Senate.
 Chorus.

Penpemia. — wife to Quintus Cicero.
 Furista. — Marcus Antonius' wife.

Centurions.
 Lictors.
 Soldiers.
 Messengers.

THE TRAGEDY OF M. TULLIUS CICERO

Actus Primus.

Julius Caesar's Ghost.

WHat not one prodigie to rouse thee, *Rome*,
And give loud warning that great *Caesar's* come?
What no one peale of thunder to proclaim,
And echo from thy seven proud hills the fame
Of my arrivall? is my weight so light
It cannot force one diſmall groane? or affright
And wake thy *Genius*? is the ground thus rent,
And *Julius* like an exhalation ſent
From the black womb of hell, yet cannot ſtrike
An Earthquake in thy breaſt? I like, I like
Such dire fore-runners. What? before my fall,
In *Rome's* great Forum, upon every ſtall,
A bird of Night was perch'd in midſt of day,
And when black Night her mantle did diſplay
(As if the *Syrian* people had forſooke
Their pitchy harbours, and poſſeſſion took
Of th' upper world) the Aire was fill'd with ſtreame
Of rowling fires, and the preſaging dreams
Of Citizens were broke by diſmall frights
Caust by the confus'd noiſe of walking ſpirits:
And is my riſe ſo full of ſilence?

Thunder.

Now ſtubborne *Rome*! I'll thunder forth thy woe,
Caesar muſt be reveng'd, and to thy coſt.
Alas thou canſt not bribe my wronged Ghost,
With the vaine fiction of thy *Julian* ſtarre;
Vvere I but ſtelliſhed indeed I'd mar
Thy pride with ſuch an influence ſhould convey
Submiſſion through thy blond, and caſt a ray
Should light a Sun to rule the *Roman* world
Without a Colleague: yet this fate is hurl'd
Through thy own blindneſſe on thy cuffed head,
And with ſuch plagues to uſher't, as thy dead

Thy butcher'd *Julius* from his ſoul abhor'd;
My glory was, that Fortune did afford
That royall power to doe thee good I would,
And Nature heart to will the good I could.
But I was too too mild; a heavier hand
Shall make thee ſtoop to Sovereign command,
And kiſſe the yoke, though ſullied ſilk and died
In thine own gore; a ſourge ſhall check thy pride;
The dayes of *Sylla* ſhall return, and blond
Swim down thy ſtreets in as profuſe a flood,
As ere his black proſcriptions made, the ſword
Shall be as free as then, the Slave his Lord,
The Wife her Husband ſhall betray, the Son
Thinking the vitall thread of's Father ſpue
To a too tedious length, and that his feet
Travel too ſlowly to the grave, ſhall greet
His age with death; The Senators ſhall drink
Of the ſame cup of ſlaughter too, and think
The burden eaſy, for, A ſudden death
Is ſweeter to them than ſcorn a ſlavish breath.
Each Proſcript's head ſhall bear a weighty rate,
And Piety be treaſon to the State.
Thus, *Rome*, ſhalt thou be plagued, and among
Thy other evils loſe thy ſacred Tongue,
The great *Patriot* of the ſpeaking Art,
Then ſhalt thy griefs lie ſcattered in thy heart,
And ſpeak no other language but of tears;
Words ſhall be ſtrangled by thy ſtupid fears.

Exit.

Enter Marcus Cicero.

Now ought we to give thanks unto the Gods
That now at length the Fathers of the Publick
With free unforced judgments dare lay open
The ſick diſtempers, which diſeaſe and trouble

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

The body Politique? me thinks in this
I see some gleams of liberty break forth
And promise to the State a milder sunshine,
There, since our late unbridled *Phuons*
Usurp the *Roman* heav'n, we have been blest with.
As for my self, though now grown old and feeble
In my lov'd Countreys service, I have yet
As good a heart as ever to defend her.
What though my voice did seem a while suspect?
My heart did nourish an untainted love
Of the Republick, which in zealous names
Has now discharg'd it self in th' face of *Antony*
That Traitor to the freedom of his Countrey;
I did defend while but a Youth, the State,
I will not now I am grown old forsake it;
I have contemn'd the swords of *Cassius*;
I will not now fear his.
Some twenty yeeres agoe I well remember
I said Death could not to a Consular
Be immature; how much more truly now
May I pronounce unto an aged man?
Now may I wish for Death, yet from my heart
Two things I doe desire, and pray for; one,
That I may leave the *Roman* people free,
Th' immortal Gods cannot bestow upon mee
A greater blessednesse: the other's this;
That all may meet with a proportion'd fate,
As their deserts have been unto the State.

Enter *Laureas*.

Law. Your Brother *Quintus* Sir.
Marc. Intreat him hither.

Enter *Qu. Cicero*, and *Philologus*.

Brother you'r welcome: How does thy *Pomponia*,
And my young Cozen?

Quint. Both my Wife and Sonne
Are (heaven be thank'd) as well as my best wishes
Can fancy they would have them; and my Wife
Presents her love, my Son his duty to you.

Marc. They cannot by a better messenger,
For you are Monarch of *Pomponia*'s love,
And Sov'raigne of his duty; these are titles
Good in Oeconomy, but once thrust out
Make heavy hearts in State when they return;
You have not heard of *Antony*'s proceedings
Since he departed to *Brundisium*?

Quint. Not one word.

Marc. I collect the Consuls drift;
But why doe I the State that injury
To style him Consul that so governs it,
That leads his life so, and was so created?
His aim I know's at those four Legions
Transported from the *Macedonian* Province
At his appointment thither by his brother;
Twere dangerous he should win them; but I have

A surer confidence in the *Martiall* Legion,
For it has ever been extoll'd as much

For its integrity with *Scipio* as for its
The fourth is under conduct of the *Quintus*

Egnatilius, a brave Citizen
And valiant man, so that I cannot doubt
But hee'll be partly frustrate.

Then *Cassius* posting to *Campania*
Puts me in hope, tis to procure the Colonies
There resident, to side with him, against
Antony; for you know the Noble youth
Will not bea cheek by him. But Brother *Quintus*
I have some private matters: which require
A more retired conference; take a seat.

Laureas. How does my fellow *Leidmick*? canst
Digest my Lords discourse of *Summum bonum*?

Philol. 'Tis somewhat tough, methinks; but *Laureas*
Which hadst thou rather be? An *Epicure*?
A *Stoick*? or *Peripatetick*? tell me.

Law. Why faith before I was infranchiz'd boy,
The *Stoick* would have furnish'd mee compleatly,
I should have laugh'd a cudgell in the face,
And swore a bed of *strow* had been as soft
As wool, or downe of *Ermins*. I should then
Have stood as stout as *Atlas* with a burden

Weighty as his upon my brawny shoulders;
But since I did with thee shake off the Name
And Nature of a slave, and serve my Lord,
More for affection then constraint, I could
Sometimes methinks shake hands with *Epicurus*.

Marc. It must be so. But brother since your husband
Hinders your longer stay, let me entreat you
Philologus a while may bear me company.

Quint. With all my heart.
Marc. My love unto *Pomponia*.

Quint. I will. Farewell.
Marc. Farewell good brother *Quintus*.

Philologus and *Laureas* come let's hear
How you have relish'd your Philosophy.

Phil. My Lord, your *Laureas* relishes extremely,
For he is almost turn'd an *Epicure*.

Cicero. An *Epicure*?
Law. Not I my Lord, I told him

Virtue which in a proud conceit neglected
The due preservatives of the weaker nature;
And was estranged from that first-born diem
Of making nature's union, if twere possible,
Immortal, by a competent cherishing

Of either part, and in an estate
Like an Intelligence, all Soul and Reason;
Was wholly taken up with mental beauties;
Was like a table furnish'd with rare viands;

But not a dish prepar'd with Conditionall
Provocatives to make the relish kind;
For Virtue is, we know, a fruitlesse, rude,
Impolish'd treasure, without use and action,
Which give it taste and life, now to the use
Health, wealth and liberty are requisite.

Though

The Tragedy of *M. Tullius Cicero.*

Though not essential unto Virtues self,
That root of goodness: Thus you may see my Lord,
Laureas is neither *Epicure* nor *Stoick*.

'Twas only the comparison which made
Your shallow-brain'd Scholastick think I was
One of the Kitchen; but were I a hog
Of *Epicures* fraternity, yet his brain
Should not be th' *Atalanta* to unhead me.

Cicer. Why here's no sign of *Epicure* in this,
'Tis currant and Authentick.

Phil. True, but Sir,
He harp't upon another string even now.
Yet, since he is so cunning, pray my Lord
Let me be Stoicall a while, and try
Whether he be found as he pretends.

Lawr. Pish, there's a face to set a *Stoick* with!
Make me believe the Goddess *Venus* thought
She was embrac'd by *Mars*, when 'twas young *Adam*
With whom she dallied. Give me one shall look
With as severe a countenance as *Cato*
When he unshackled his Heroick soule.

Cicer. No more of him, I pray, unless you would
Make fountains of my eyes; but *Laureas*
You have the fittest village for a *Stoick*,
It shall be your part.

Lawr. Then my Noble Lord,
Suppose I had ingross'd the *Stoick* wildome
Within my bosome, and were now brought forth
To some unheard of torture: thus I'd stand,
And thus I'd dare the utmost of their furies.
Vain Mortalls, doe you think my fearless soule
Is capable of pains? why, rear this flesh
From off my bones; you touch not mee: for know
This is not *Laureas* but his robe. Extract
The very quintessence of the strongest poisons,
I'll quaffe it as I would divinest Nectar,
And think it but a draught of Immortality:
Cast me alive into a den of Lions,
I will embrace my destiny, and deem
The loudest accent of their spurious throats
But as a trumpet to proclaim my triumphs.
I would not bellow in *Perillus* engine,
But like the Swan in *Tyber's* silver streams
Sing my own dirge with an unwrinkled note.
Nay, more then this the disunited Heavens
Tumbling upon my head should not affright me,
Yea the confused raving of their ruines
Should be as ravishing harmony to my ears
As now they make in their celestiall spheres.

Now, Sir, suppose the anger of some tyrant
Had thrust me from the bosome of my Country,
From the embraces of a faithfull spouse,
And the sweet pledges of our mutual loves,
And I wandring in some wilderness
Within whose gloomy shades was never heard
The *Daulian* minstrell, but the boding tones
Of Owles, and Night-ravens, and in every bush
Lay coucht a Lion, Tiger, or a Wolfe:

Would I sit musing in a dumpefull passion?
And cry, O Times! O Manners! no my Lord,
A wise man does not tie his house, or home
To the tuition of one private Law,
Nor does he bound what men their Country call
To the straight limits of one State or Kingdom;
Though *Thule* were the place of my Nativity,
Yet should the *Gades* be my country too.

I have a little world within my selfe,
And shall one narrow Landskip claim me here?
Now for those petty dangers I despise them,
A wise man carries in his sacred front
The character of Majesty, which brutes
Though ne'r so wild and savage must adore;
As for my Wife and Children they were given mee
Not for eternity, and as good be sever'd
By exile as by death: had I still liv'd
Dividing my indulgent soule among them,
I might perhaps have seen my loving Wife
Ravish'd before my face, I might have seen
My Childrens brains knockt out against the stones;
And dash in my own wounded eyes, but now
I shall not view those clouds. Thus had I been
Unhappy, had I not unhappy been.

And now my honor'd Lord, with wonder hear,
How in a yet unparallel'd Affliction
Your *Stoick Laureas* would demean himselfe.
Suppose my Law—O how my heart-brings ake
To utter it yea it makes me clean forget
The *Stoick* whom I personate: I say
Suppose—O hold me good *Philologus*.
The very thought will strike me dead—suppose
My bosome Friend, my faithfull *Pylades*,
My second selfe, even my *Philologus*,
Were whip'd clean through the streets of Rome & cudgel'd
Till his bones crackt againe, d' yee think I'd weep?
Lift up my eyes, and cry, O cursed Heavens
Which suffer innocence thus to be afflicted!
Now, my Lord, I'd doe an Act of wonder
Which after Ages should admire, I'd down
And in the Cellar all my sorrows down.

Cicer. I't come to this: you are a wanton *Laureas*.

Lawr. 'Tis Spotcall my Lord.

Cicer. Well let it be so.
But since you think you could so sweetly sing
In th' engine of *Perillus*, let me hear you
Out of it, for I'm perswaded you might frame
Your voice a great deal better to a song
In a far colder place.

Lawr. 'Tis true my Lords,
But I spoke like a *Stoick*.

Cicer. Be not modest.
Begin: but let your song be sage, and grave,
Such as a Vestall need not blush to hear.
Rip up the Vices of the State, that while
You sing, my wounded heart may bleed for sorrow.

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Song.

How happy was the Roman State
When her chiefest Magistrate
Was rais'd to the favour of the flow?
When such as Cincinnatus wou'd
The helm of the Common-wealth, and made
Her proudest Adversaries humbly bow
To the stiff yoke wherewith they us'd to check
The Rubbidge of the toiling beavers neck?

How sacred was the Roman Name?
How shining was our virgin fame?
When in their homes our bravest men
Had nothing glorious but themselves?
When he who now in quarries delves,
For golden ore as low as Pluto's den,
Was deem'd a Paricide, and had the doom
Of one who rent his Mother's sacred womb?

How happy were we then, how bliss'd
When the Republick was possess'd
Of those ancient Palatines?
When Curius and Fabricius led
Her Armies, which for dainties fed
On boiled Turneps? then the ease came
Of her more temperate body soon was wrought,
Her health with little loss of blood was bought.

But since the Asian luxury
Has crept into our veins, and we
Noteless for fame in dishes strive
Then if we had the conquest wonne
Of the stout Hamilitars army,
Or brought the treacherous Syphax home alive
To grace our Triumphs: now a thousand pines
Lie brooding in the States corrupted veins.

The Common-wealth is full of tumors,
And each day repugnant humors
Threaten the downfall of this frame;
Her constitution is too weak
To harbour such guests, and not break
Untill some pitying Deity quench the flame.
See thou our Æsculapius mighty Jove,
And send some healing influence from above.

Philologus and Laureus together
Be thou our Æsculapius mighty Jove,
And send some healing influence from above.
Cicero. So here's a Song has fire in't, Poetrie;
O 'tis the language of the Gods when Virtue
Is made her theme; they pollute the Muses,
And turn Parnassus to a stave, that doth
Their unwelcome fancies in these sacred weeds

Enter Quintus Cicero.

Mar. Brother so soon? your countenance me thinks
Tells me your bosome travails with some newes,
And fain would be deliver'd.

Quint. Sir, Octavius
Is with an Army at the gates.
Mar. Octavius?

Why, that's not Hannibal.

Quint. But the Citizens
Suspect a more then Panick treachery;
For those that saw the Consul and Octavius
So lately reconcil'd in the Capitoll,
Will not beleefe these forces are contracted
To oppose Antonius; but that covertly
Both have plotted one to aid the other
In the promotion of their aims; that Antony
May gain the Sovereignty, and Octavius
Revenge on those which slew his uncle Julius.

Enter Tyrus.

Tyr. Carnutius, Sir, the Tribune of the people
Desires some conference with your Lordship.

Mar. Quintus,
He's a profest foe to Antonius,
And friend to Cesar. Bring the Tribune in.

Enter Carnutius.

Car. Octavius is return'd.
Mar. So I hear,

Car. And brought along with him ten thousand souls
I have explor'd his aims, and they are whole
For opposition of the Consul Antonius.
Whom he has much endamag'd.

Mar. How Carnutius?

Car. By spies, which he has closely had about him
Still crossing and opposing his proceedings,
And with such good success; as now the Legions
Are even upon desertion of his party.

Especially the Fourth and Marciall.

Mar. Tribune,

Informe the people how the youth's affected,
And Ile procure he shall be straight brought in;
For I'm perswaded, since he is return'd
Antonius enemy, the provident Senate
Will not be so injurious to the State

And their own safety, as deny him entrance.

Yea, I presume they will with glad content
Meet the first motion of his entertainment.

Car. They will no doubt; Come let's dispatch my Lord.

Enter Piso and Salvus.

Salv. Me thinks the admittance of Octavius
Will much endamage Antony.

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Piso. I fear it,
And doubt not but he will be shortly here
But what dost think of this young upstart, *Salvius*?
It cannot enter *Piso's* head, that he should
To the Republick do a Inche harm to it.

Salv. With *Piso's* my opinion's this; I doubt
The boy will prove at length another *Julius*.
Piso. And so think I.
Salv. Was't ever known a youth
Of his hot spirit, was so much devoted
Unto his Country came without some plot
To strengthen his ambitious aims? well *Piso*,
I am perswaded *Cæsars* heart and countenance
Are not Correlatives.

Pis. And I fear our Overtor,
Although he think himself a profound Statist,
Is but as 'twere a visor, which *Octavius*
Covers the face of his close projects with:
Well, mark the end, these now are but smiles,
But they may prove oraculous. Let this pass.
I think if *Antony* come he will not stay,
You know, he has determin'd to be Master
Of the *Cisalpine Province*.

Salv. True, he has.
Pis. Now when he's gone to *Gaul*, if *Cicero*
Advice the Senate any thing against him,
It must be our parts to oppose their counsells.

Salv. It must. I'll second you, you know you may
Do much by virtue of the Tribuneship.

Pis. 'Tis true, you may do much indeed,
Enter *Messenger*.

Mess. The Consul
Antony is arriv'd; and, *Lucius Piso*,
Desires your presence; to you, *Salvius*.
He sends his love, and prays you to repair
Unto the Senate, which is newly convoked.

Salv. *Piso* return my love, he thither straight. Ex.

Enter *Quintus Cicero*.
Pomponia.

Pomp. How do's my Brother *Marcius Cicero*?

Quint. Well my *Pomponia*, but would he far better
Could be once see the Common-wealth in health.

Pomp. Why, husband; what have *Scates* diseases too?

Quint. They have my Sweet, and as old fathers die
To make room for posterity, so Chance

Quits ancient States, that from their ruins may
New ones arise. States have their severall ages

Which carry some analogie with ours.

Their small beginnings are their infancies.

Their bold exploits to propagate their glories,

Are like the flames of ambitious Youth;

When they are mounted to the highest pitch

Decreed them in the starry Constellory,

They are arriv'd to a state much like

That which in us doth bear the name of Manhood.

They stand not long on this high tower of Glory.

But stealingly, as we do see, they fall.

Their sprightly vigour like a full-blown Rose

Droops and decays, they suddenly contract

Distempers, grow diseas'd, and finally

Sink down into the grave of their own ruins.

The *Babylonian* and the *Persian* Monarchies

Did of a Surfeit, then the *Macedonian*

Of a seditious quarrell in the Humours

Striving to be predominant

Greece of a *Meagrin*; *Carthage* first was caught

With an insurly Fever, which at last

Degenerated to an Ague, and

Was quickly seconded by Death. But *Rome*

(Only she never felt an Ague yet)

Unless when *Hannibal* was at her gates,

Is whole infected with a various mixture

Of all together; she's ev'n grown a Spittle,

An Hospital of diseases which will sink

Her glories to the first and ancient Nothing;

But may that day be leaden heel'd, nor fall

Within the compass of this Age.

Pomp. Fie Husband,

This passion is not *Roman*. We may raise

Our spirits with hopes of better times;

Cæsar affords us comfort.

Quint. True *Pomponia*, but *Rome* has had a long succession

Of State-usurpers, when this *Hydæ's* head

Is cut away, another may bud forth;

Pray heaven we have no cause with that old *Beldam*

Of *Syracusa*, in our frigidelle wishes

To dig our Ancient tyrants up again.

Enter *Marcius Cicero*.

Welcome from the Senate Brother, pray what news?

How were things carry'd?

Mar. Nothing done at all.

The Consul *Antony* came without all doubt

To censure *Cæsars* doings, but his mind

It seem'd was chang'd; for having said a little

Touching the Provinces and *Marcius Lepidus*,

But not a word of *Cæsars*, he departed.

Quint. And what will follow think you?

Mar. Sure he will not

Stay long in *Rome*, for, as I hear, he sent

His Army to *Ariminum*, no doubt

With an intent to follow, then besides

I think he dares not stay for fear of *Cæsars*,

For he return'd though proudly, yet but weakly

With only one *Prætorian* cohort with him.

But 'tis grown something late, I must interrupt you

To let my Cousin *Quintus* guide me homeward.

Quint. He will be proud to do you such a service.

Exit.

Enter *Antony*.

Ant. What evil Genius crosses me? the Fourth

B 3 And

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

And Martial Legions sided with *Octavius*.
For so I have receiv'd Intelligence
Well I'Pro *Antony*, whether, as I hear,
The Martial Legion have betooke themselves:

Eater I will not thus be thwarted by a boy,
Fulvia A mungrell; sooner shall a Bee or Gnat

Stop the proud Eagle in his airy course
And heaven be sealed by a band of Pygmies:

Let *Cicero* call him *Rome's Junonian boy*,
And truly golden off-spring of his Mother,

Let the whole Senate hug him, as they doe;
Yet will I choak and ruine all their hopes,

I'll send him naked home to his first Nothing,
And make him answer to *Thynius*: what?

Is not the Family of the *Antoni*
Deriv'd from *Anton* son to *Nerva*?

And shall these sons of Earth confront mee thus?
The stelli'd *Aleides* shall not lose

The cheerful lustre of his rays, to see
His blood run muddy in his issues veins.

Fulv. I like this spirit, *Mark*, methinks I see
The world already prostrate at thy feet,

Cerish this fire: & were'thoun all compos'd
Of these Heroick flames, *Fulvia* would be

To such a *Jove* another *Semle*.

Anton. Spoke like thy glorious self; yet, *Fulvia*,
Passion or indiscretion may condemn him,

But when I weigh his Actions in the ballance
Of serious and more accurate Contrition,

I find he has no base or common soul,
And does as well inherit *Cesar's* heart,

And courage, as his name: besides he has
The counsellors of experience'd heads to steer

His Actions by; so that he's now above
The pitch of my disdain: with strong-nerv'd eys,

Like a young Eagle, he confronts our Sun.

Fulv. What cool'd'st thou? *Octavius* an Eagle?
A Scarab rather. He an Eagle *Antony*?

He's but a Ganymed in an Eagles claw:
The *Octavian* family never yet was nest

To such a kingly bird. But who I pray
Are those experience'd heads you talk of? what?

Is that Tongue-valiant *Cicero* worth the fear
Of *Fulvia's Antony*?

No doubt but he who has of late divorc'd
His Wife *Terentia*, and in her place

Made a young Girl his consort, may as soon
Supplant *Antoni*, and set up that boy:

O'twas great policy to extirp
Himself upon the weaker sex at first;

Your turn is next: the Hawk thus tries his talons
Upon some meaner prey, before he ventures

To grapple with the Eagle or the Heron.

Anton. I think *Minerva's* self dwells in thee *Fulvia*,
Such words as these might fire the coldest bosome,

And by strong Alchymie transmute a heart
Of Leaden temper, to a golden Purty.

Were young *Octavius* indeed an Eagle,

And nested in the bosome of Great *Jove*,
I'd pluck him thence: As for that *Cicero*,

My feare, if I had any, should not be
Pitch on so base an object: I will make

That Inmate know what 'tis to waste my life,
H'ad been as good have publish'd to the world

The mystick name of *Rome*. But let that *Chorus*
Proceed to belch his poisonous vomit forth

At view of light; yet shall his unwant mouth
One day repeat that biting impudence.

Fulv. And there may come a time when *Fulvia*
Shall be revenged on his wormwood jeers,

O how my entralls boill my heart's on fire:
Had I his damned tongue within my clutches,

This bodkin should in bloody characters
Write my revenge.

Ant. Come *Fulvia*, be content,
Let him triumph, and in his proud conceit

Frame to himself a conquest great as *Jove's*
Over those sons of Earth, and parallel

His verball thunder with the voice of Heaven,
Yet may I one day be that stronger *Typhon*

Shall cut the sinews of his insolence,
And place thee *Juno* in this *Rome's Olympus*.

Come kisse me sweeting, though the droustie *Sol*
Have not yet left the bosome of his *Thetis*,

Yet here's a no nightly shade for from thine eyes
Breaks a more glorious day: I could, my beauty,

For ever dwell in thy divine embraces,
But I must leave thee, yea and that before.

Antony's first blush gilds the East; thou knowst
My Armie is sent before unto *Ariminum*,

And I must follow; I will have the *Provinces*
Of *Decimus Brutus*; I, I will that a certain

By fair or foul means; *Julius* my Colleague
Return'd from *Gaul*; so happily establish,

Great *Pompey's* self was vanquish'd by his Eagles:
I know an Army will be soon sent after,

And war proclaim'd against me as an enemy
To th' State, if once I offer violence

To *Decimus*, but I'm resolv'd, and should
The whole world rise against me, what I've said

I'll prosecute to ruine or fruition,
Only my *Fulvia* doe but thou molest

My foet at home by opposite authority.
There's *Lucius Pils*, *Lucius Philippus*,

Fufius Calenus, *Salvius*, *Lucius Caesar*,
Strivus, *Sulpitius* too, and many others

My special friends; thou must solicit them,
They'l not be backward in my glorious cause:

Come I'll goe kisse the pledges of our bed,
And then for *Minerva*; there my hopes are fed.

E. Enter.

Chorus.

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero

Chorus.

Is there such sweetness in dominion?
Or is it only fond opinion?
Is there such pleasure in the height
Of greatness? or is't meer conceit?
Sure if the glories of a throne
Were in their proper colours shown
It would appear the highest place
Is pleasant only in the face;
A King is but a Royall Slave,
And Rule a Passallage more brayes
A Scepter's but a glorious name,
A Crown the burden of the same
Proud front which it adorns, but Peace
And steadfast joy with full increase
Salute the cottage of the Swaine;
There Quiet harbours, where Dissaine
Deth fix a scornfull brow, but where
The eye of Envy's, neither there

A thousand discords dar dwell, and each one
O'tis a friend, friend, Hallows
Why then, O why distressed Rome,
Doe thy Vipers ready womb
To be possessors of a light
So prejudicial to the sight?
Unhappy Rome, and Julius die
For afflicted Tully, who
And must Antonius imitate
The aims of his Ambitious Spirit
Yet in this thine happy State,
That thou hast no Advocate
Dares plead thy Grievs, and to his face
Tell thy proud Fortune he is base,
Base in his life, and baser in the grave
An hour of thy liberty
O but for a Statists worth
Let thy Marcius Castell forth
His praise, and crown his aged haire:
Not with a laurel wreath, but payers
Long with thine live brave man, to have to end
When dead a safe and peacefull grave

Actus secundus.

Cicero.

SO now methinks I see our common Foe
Already cruilt with ruine; he shall know
Ambition is a precipice, and the sky
At which he aims his thias to be too high
Were it the cause though 'twere ground enough
To build a feild confidence upon
An honest cause in mouth of ruine sings
'Tis the good genius of a State, and brings
Down fave himselfe to side with her: but more
'Tis Brutus whom Antonius copes with, Brutus
The Omén of whole very name, and bloud
Farall to State usurers were sufficient
To fortifie our drooping souls, and raise them
From thought of servitude. But then besides
Three Armies have we sent to succour him;
Two under Aulus Hirtius, and Pauls,
Our late elected Consuls. Young Octavius
Have we made Generall of the third. A youth
Ordain'd by Heaven to doe his Countrey good,
And yet before this war was brought about
What oppositions did I meet withall
Piso withstands it, Salvius seconds him,
The Consular Calenus makes a third.
The matter is adjourn'd. Till at the last
Ambassadors must be sent to Antony
To treat of Peace; A thing, in my conceit,
Of little credit to the Senatours;
For what could bee more base, more full of levity

Then to send messengers of Peace to him
Whom, but a little before they had condemn'd
As enemy to's Countrey, and Republick
By severall decrees, as *Cassius* Monitors
The great Rewards of th' Legions that forsook him
Th' Assignment of the Consuls to the wars?
As also their most ample commendations
Of Brutus and his Army, which the Province
Of Gaul did plainly ingratiate: moreover
There was great danger in't; for could the City
Be safe, when it should Antony impute
Or rather Antonius within her bosome
Which like a nest of Serpents would torment her,
And never cease to stab with basefull stings
Till they had wrought a passage to the heart?
Lastly, it was not possible there should
Be peace confirm'd with him, for not the Senate
Nor Citizens could affect him, nor he them,
Both had condemn'd him, he injur'd both.
Well, Legates are dispatcht; yet nothing done
Antony is still as insolent as ever:
Then must a second Embassie be enter'd
And I am one elected for that service.
O Heavens! with what distemper'd wounded eyes
Should I have lookt that Monster in the face?
Who in a publick Concion had decreed
My goods unto *Petissus* of *Urbis*,
One who but newly from the utter ship wrack

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Of a no mean but rich inheritance
Was crept to those *Antonius* rocks for shelter
My tender eye-balls never could have born
The hard light of *Sextus*, *Cepho*, *Epist*,
Hofilius and *Pisemus*. O I should
Have seen the very visage and aspect
Of Civil war it selfe. But this *Legation*
Was found at length a meer dower and trick
To hinder with delays the *Sennars*
In preparation for the war. Yet see
A new demur obtruded; *M. Lepidus*
Our Generall beyond the Alps, embos
The *Sennar* by *Amphallors* to the peace
Hear at the former *Advocates* take heart
And plead th' authority of *Antipater*
As if that plea could quench the zealous flames
Which were then kindled in the *Sennars* breast
But all in vain. Our armies are launcht forth
Gainst that *Arch-pirax* of the *Sennar* *Antonius*
And now we daily with our prayers solicit
The ears of heaven to free the *Common-wealth*
Of such a dangerous and infectious plague
Which like a gangrene would run on and spread
To the destruction of the body *Politricks*
But to strike down such monsters *Jove* has thunder,
And wee have armes to presse this viper under.

Exit

Enter *Pomponia*.

Pomp. *Phyllis* come hither.
Phil. Madam, so had you stood since and now
Pomp. *Arces* Roomer
Perfum'd as I commanded?
Phil. Yes, so and now I do to a new
Pomp. And all things
Done as I gave directions
Phil. All things Madam.
Pomp. Well.
But I need not be so punctually
My Brother *Marcus*, as he is no stranger,
So not so curious, as our other *Romans*
As for my selfe, I'm none of those which waste
Whole Mornings in the fruitlesse contemplation
Of their suppoled beauties in a glass;
I have not learn'd to paint and daub my face
With borrow'd colours, mine's a native grace
And, if it please my *Quintus*, tis enough
Nor am I in the list of those which spend
Their husbands faculties on loose attire
On rings, and bracelets, or a glittering train
To dangle in my eare, my Ornaments
And Jewells are the Vertues of my *Quintus*.

Enter *Phyllis*.

Phil. Madam, my Lord your Brother's newly enter'd.
Exit Pomponia, Enter Phil.

Enter *Laureas* and *Tyrus*.

Laure. Here's a triplicity of *Libertines*
How does my little *Phil*?
Phil. O Sir the better
To see you *Stoich* in health, but, *Laure*,
What is yon *Tyrus* doing?
Laure. Hal let's see.
Why, poring on a fragment of *Stoich*
The *Grandfire* (as he calls him) of *Phil* *arians*
A kind of vermine he's enamour'd with:
And he himself has got an itching humour
To be of that fraternity.
Phil. I faith!
Nay then we'll furnish him. Most learn'd *Tyrus*
Have you not heard the news?
Tyrus. Ha, News? What news?
Phil. Why tis reported, and that credibly
How *Atlas* being weary of his burden
As sure he well may be, and if you ever
Beheld his picture with that mighty globe
Upon his back, hee looks but sorely on't:
Well, *Atlas* being weary as I told you,

To ease his shoulders, lifted up his arme,
Some say it was his right arm, some his left,
But that's not so materiall; you observe
Lifting his arm above his head to keep
The *Spear* a while from's back, he chanc't to thrust
His thumb into a star, and burnt it off.

Laure. *Tyrus* be so much inform'd, 'twas thus old boy,
About the time when the all-seeing *Sun*
Mouned the raging *Lions* back, this *Atlas*,
This living *Column* of the arch'd Heavens,
Distilling from his hot and sweating brows
As much *Salt* waters as might turn a *Sea*
Fresh as our *Tiber*, to a brinish sowerness,
And truly, were that scorching season constant,
Well might the Nation of *Philosophers*
Cease their intestine broiles about the *Saltnesse*
Of the vast Ocean, and determine safely
The swear of *Atlas* were the genuine cause.
Well *Atlas* sweating, as I said, and sending
Whole clouds of vapours from his boiling entrails,
Erects his brawny arme, and so sustains
That azure *Sickrick*, while he stoopes to reach
A draught or two of *Nilus* in his palme;
But as he stoops, he thus behind him throws
His leg, and by ill fortune popt his foot
Into the hot *Trinacrian* hills; and so
(O sad dyblast!) burnt his little toe.

Tyrus. I thought yon Mount at length would be deliver'd
Of a ridiculous Mouse. But what's this all?

Phil. I, here's enough at once, too much wil glut you.
Tyrus. Glut me like *Caster* I'm as lank and thin.
As if *Chamelion*-like I had been fed
Of nought but Aite. This have I only chew'd on
Since (so usurp *Laureas* inspired Notion)

The

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero

The Sun lasses up his fiery Teem from the
Blushing Ocean.

Lawr. How the Rogue hobbles! 'Slight he makes the
Malt, and their God *Apollo* goes on crutches.

Phil. No matter *Lawrens*, you must attribute it
To th' faintness of his stomach, which I'll quicken
With some supply. Stay here, while I go in,
And if I meet with an extravagant Capon,
Or some such Pilgrim, I'll direct him hither.

Lawr. Well said; but Sirrah, you know what I love,
A cup of rich *Falern*, you Rogue, or some
Extracted Nectar of the *Ferrian* grape.

Phil. Ile furnish you immediately.

Lawr. I wonder
What foolish humour *Pindarus* was in,
When he begun his Poems with the praise
Of that weak Element Water: 'Slight blind *Homer*
Was an old Soker at it, and the Father
Of our brave *Roman Laureats Ennius*,
Before he dipt his sacred quill in bloud,
Would steep his braines in this *Castalian* liquor;
Drencht in this juice he could more proudly look
Bellona in the face, then ere *Achilles*
Dipt by his Mother in the *Strygian* lake.

Enter *Philologus*.

Lawr. So soone *Philologus*?

Tyro. What's here? *Phil.* Why, *Tyro*,
The remnant of a martyr'd quarter'd Goose.

Tyro. I thought in troth this would be one of your
Extravagant pilgrims; for it is reported,
That Geese have travell'd on their feet to *Rome*
By'n from the Marishes of the *Marini*.

What bird is this? 'tis a young Goose I warrant.

Lawr. How, a young Goose?

Phil. He's one that said so rather.

Tyro. No Rogue, Ile leave that title to Philosophers,
With whom the Geese are so enamoured.
For I have read in story of one *Laydes*,
Of your bald tribe affected by a Goose,
With such an ardent zeal; that day and night
Abroad, at home, at board, and in his bed,
She would be with him: and I am perswaded
There are but few of that profession
Can leap a Span from Goose.

Lawr. The Rogue's Satyricall.

Tyro. Nay there are Poets too of this Affair.
Know you not *Anser*, he who sings the praise
Of *Antony* in verse?

Lawr. And witty too.

Phil. But 'tis a Partridge *Tyro*.

Tyro. Hal a Partridge.

Lawr. Come leave this prattle, he will tell you now
How *Mulciber* the *Ferrian* Prince was Hawking,
And a poor Partridge, such a one as this,

Mewt in's mouth, only for *Knave's* dread
Of the pursuing Hawk: but you young Rascal
Here's that has life in't.

Phil. Come, *Philologus*.

Phil. Historically *Tyro*.

Drinks to Tyro, Tyro takes it.

Tyro. What's this?

Lawr. 'Tis wine, pure wine.

Tyro. But *Romulus*,

The Father of this City knew not wine,
Milke was his drinke.

Lawr. That was in *Rome's* infancy,

Come drink you Coxcombe.

Tyro. Ha, methinks it smiles

Like an ungirded Maiden.

Lawr. Are you there?

Phil. I see these scribbling Fables are fly creature

Lawr. There's my Lords biting Mastix *Salust*, la
Was found at th' sport.

Phil. I, and I think belabour'd

To th' purpose for his paines.

Tyr. 'Tis something pleasant.

'Twere good this *Vacuum* were again replenish'd.

Lawr. Come, come let's fall aboard.

They eat.

Tyro. I see you Rascals, you are no *Pythagoreans*.

Phil. Why *Tyro*? w'are as still as they.

Tyro. 'Tis true.

But they t' ensure themselves to abstinence
Would cause a Table to be richly furnish'd
With costly viands, and then sit them downe
To feast their eyes upon the severall dishes,
But not to tast a bit, for when their mouths
Had watred long o'r the enticing dainties,
A waiter was commanded to remove,
And so with empty stomachs all departed.

Lawr. A fine device to make a living Ghost on.
But *Tyro*, Here boy.

Drinks.

Wine, why 'tis the Soul

Of History; me thinks in this small glasse
I see a Volume of brave *Heroes* Acts
In Letters capital: here I read the Trophies
Of *Bacchus* fetcht from the remotest *Indias*;
Here I peruse the battail of such fame,
Between the *Cenidures* and the *Lepidibites*,
The sack of *Troy*, and many other things
As well recorded in this fluid Monument,
As in the strongest Adamantine tables.

Tyro. I may in time make use of this sweet doctrine.

Enter *Marcus Cicero*,

Quintus Cicero,

Quintus Jun.

Lawr. My Lord by *Phabas*.

Mar. So, so, I perceive
You have been at it, 'tis well done; but *Tyro*

C

What

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

What news from *Mutine*? You were ever wont
To be inquisitive.

Tyr. None but this my Lord:
'Tis for a truth given out, that *Decimus*
From the besieged Town convey'd a Letter
To th' Army of the Consuls by a Kestrell.

Mar. How weak alas, to what small purpose tend
The plots of State-usurpers in the end?
How are *Antonius* projects cross'd? he thought
With scouts and trenches to cut off intelligence
Between the Consuls and the Town, and spread
Nets o'r the surface of the neighbouring river,
Lest the swift waves should carry *Brutus* counsels.
But all in vain, if through the yielding Aire
A winged post his embassy may bear.

Enter *Pomponia*.

Pomp. Alas, my Lord, the Town is full of uprores,
Some cry out *Antony*, some, Wee are undone;
Some, *Marcus Brutus* must be called home.

Mar. *Tyros*, Go see whence springs this sad confusion.

Exit. *Tyros*.

Pomp. Some answer it is now too late, and others
Affirm it were best to fly to him for succour.
'There's not a throat but hoarse with cries; An eye
But drown'd in floods of tears. The cause I know not.
But yet I feare.

Mar. If *Antony* have won the day (which heaven
And heavens all-seeing Monarch *Jove* forbid)
Wee are undone, there is no hope of succour
Except in *Brutus*, which must be attain'd
Not by his coming, but our flight to him,
Unlesse the common voice mistakes, and danger
Be not so nigh our dores, as it infers.
But yet my soule is quiet, which was ever
Wont to anticipate the common ills
In her oraculous auguries.

Enter. *Tyr.*

Tyros. My Lord,
There is a rumour spread throughout the City
That *Antony* has overthrowen the Consuls,
And is now coming with his Troopes to *Rome*.

Quint. Great *Jove* defend us.

Mar. Heaven avert this evill.

Tyr. And the *Antonians* within the City
Are flockt together into *Pompey's* court.

(State.

Mar. No doubt to broach some mischief 'gainst the
Tyros. My Lord 'tis broacht already for ther's rais'd
Another bruit without all doubt by those
Pernicious Citizens, only to divert
The concourse of the people from your Lordship,
That on the Ides of *April* you've determin'd
T' usurp the *Fastes*.

etc. Sure thou art deceiv'd,
'Tis meant some Ambitious thief, or sword-player,
Or some new minted *Catiline*.

Tyr. No my Lord;
You are the man.

Mar. O Heavens, that I who ruin'd
The Counsells of base *Catiline*, should now
Turne *Catiline* my selfe! is any man
So lost, so wicked to raise this of me?
So rash, so furious to beleave it? Heavens!

Enter *Publius Apuleius*.

Alas good Tribune, how is *Cicero's* wrong'd?

Apul. I know you are, and therefore in a Concion
Before the people have I urg'd your innocence,
And partly choakt the rumour. I propos'd
All your endeavours for the Publick State
Before their censures, and the whole Assembly
Pronounc'd they never yet could find you guilty
So much as of a thought against the welfare
Of the Republick: but what noise is this?

Qu. Hark, the late cries are turn'd to shew me thinks.

Quint. jun. I hear a cry of Victory in the streets.

Mar. *Tyros*, Go see again, my heart prefaces
Some sudden good.

Ex. *Tyr.*

Pomp. Hark, hark, the noise increases.

Quint. l. and approacheth neerer too me thinks.

Apul. 'Tis at the dores.

Enter *Tyros* and a Messenger.

A shout.

Tyros. Here's one my Lord can tell you.

Mess. The Consuls (worthy Sir) have won the day.
These will inform you better.

Letters.

Cicero reads.

Mar. Brother *Quintus*.

A word or two in private. *Antony*
Is put to flight, but *Hirtius* slain, and *Pansa*
Dangerously wounded; for some private reasons
Best known unto my selfe, I will conceale
The Consuls death, which I may doe completely,
For here's a Letter sent from *Hirtius*
Unto the Senate of a former victory:
This will remove suspetch.

Shout.

Tyros. The Roman people
Wait at the dore to bring you to the Capitoll.

Mar. Thanks to the Gods, this day we'll dedicate
To *Jove* and *Mars* the favours of our State.

Exeunt.

Law. Nay Madam stay, I feel an extasie
Steal through my brest, and fire my plyant soul,
You shall not goe without a Hymn of Victory.

Pomp. *Phyllis*, *Clarinda*, *Galla*, quickly come,
Laurens begin, and these shall sing the Chorus.

The

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

The Song.

Have you not heard the Cities cry,
How the people vent their joys
In the welcome welcome noise
Of victory?

The Capitoll returns their shouts again;
As if it self would learn their joyfull strain.

Chorus.

Let Echo sing with long-span notes,
And Philmells caroll from their lubrick throats;
Let Hills rebound
And vallies sound
To triumphe.

The streets are fill'd with cheerfull glee,
And the common murmur is for who
In the pleasant pleasure
Of Liberty
For now our Consuls have deliver'd Rome,
And the disturber of her peace o'come.

Chorus.

Let Echo sing with, &c.

Great Jove we blesse thy Paternage;
By whose high auspice Rome is sav'd
The Roman State; and kept unslav'd
From inward rage.
And Mars we praise thee, by whose aid have stood
The Roman walls so long, though built in blood.

Chorus.

Let Echo sing with long-span notes,
And Philmells caroll from their lubrick throats;
Let Hills rebound
And vallies sound
To triumphe.

Enter Senate. A hour.

Cicero. Honor'd and Conscript Fathers, if those days
Appear to us with far more welcome raies
Wherein we are preserv'd, then those wherein
To breath this common Aire we first begin,
Because our safeties have a sure fruition
Of glasse, but our births a frail condition;
And that we doe our safeties emertain
With pleasure, but Nativities with pain:
How ought we then to embrace this happy light
Which has redeem'd us from that sad afflict

Rais'd by domestic furies? yet we will not
Return unto our civil robes, till tidings
Be brought of Brutus safety, for this war
Was undertaken for his aid and succour,
Against those enemies of the State, and is not
Compleat but with his freedom first recover'd.

Servilius. Although I am not Cicero of your mind
Concerning the retaining of this robe
Of war, yet I determine publick prayer
Be made to all the Gods for twenty dayes
In the three Generalls names.

Cicero. Which twenty dayes
Publius Servilius I instance to fifty,
Since they are granted not to one but Three.

Piso. But, M. Tullius, my opinion is
This day to put our civil garments on,
And to resume the Sages again to morrow.

Calpurnius. And 'tis my judgment too.

Cicero. Yes, 'twould be grateful
To the immortal Deities to depart
To put the Sages on from their hallow'd Altars

To which we came many a time, till now
'T were most enormous, and against Religion

Calpurnius. Then Cicero your terms are too too harshly
You brand them with the name of Enemies;

'Tis too severe a style. We will allow them
To be call'd wicked and audacious Citizens;

But not their Country's foes; and for this cause
The Consuls Hirtius, Pansa, with Offensius

Are not to be censur'd Generalls.

Cicero. If the Antonians are not enemies,
Then 'twas a great impiety to slay them;

And if it were impiety to slay them,
How can we hope our solemn supplication,
Decreed for their destruction, should be pleasing
To the immortal Deities? But Calpurnius

Know I am not contented with a word
Of such a slight conceits; if any man

Will furnish me with one of deeper Raine,
I'll burn't into their names; for even by those

Which spile their sacred blonds for us at Mutina
I know they doe desire. As for the Consuls

And young Offensius whom we made our Chiefs,
Their brave deaths have made them Generalls;

For now that Prince of our laws is o' thrown;
The very Sun was happy, which before

He hid his beams, beheld the breathlesse trunks
Of those dead Parricides, and Antony

For very feare with few Associates fly.

Therefore I thus decree. That in the names
Of the Three Generalls, fifty days together

Be supplications made, which I will frame
In the most ample words I can contrive.

Then for the Legions, we renew the promise
Of their rewards, which we decreed before;

Should be performed when the war was finish'd;
But as for those which perisht in the battail,

We will the Pensions were decreed for them

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Be (as this just and requirer they should be)
Paid to their Parents, Brothers, Wives and children,
Some of the *Marshall Legion* to our grief
But their own glory fell with Victory.
O happy death which being *Natures* due,
Was for their country's welfare suffer'd; you
Barrow your glorious names from *Mars*, that bee
Who for the Nations good did *Rome* decree
Might seem to have ordained you for *Rome*,
Fame shall erect you *Monuments* on tombs:
Death caught in flight is backt with infamy,
Tis glorious to die with *Victory*.
For in the fight *Mars* to oblige the best,
Is wont for pledges to select the best
Therefore those impious foes whom you have slain,
In hell now suffer their deserved pain;
But you who poured forth your laze spirit
In sacred *Victory*, shall now inherit
Those blessed fields where pious souls are sainted,
What though your lives were short? they were untaint
And the blest memorie of your deaths shall climbe
Beyond the confines of all waiting time
Therefore most valiant while you liv'd, but now
Most holy Soldiers it goes well with you,
Your shining *Vertues* shall not clouded lie
In the black dungeon of oblivion;
Not your surviving kindred, but all *Rome*,
Senate and People shall erect your tombs;
There shall be built a rarely monument
With words engraven, whose meaning shall present
Your deeds unto *Eternity*, that they
Which see that frame, and read your age, may say
These were the men that lov'd their country's goods,
And bought her freedom with their dearest blood;
And now for guardon of their *Loyalty*
Have sett'd a crown of *Immortality*.

Exeunt omnes. A Chorus

Chorus

How wildly *Fortune* sports with *Marshall's* new
She shows a face as black as Night,
And declares her *Stormy* brow
And shews *Apollo* slight.

Yet float upon the surface of this Main,
Now sinking into *Scylla's* jaws,
Anon we check our fears again
With hope and comforts milder laws.

The worlds great Emperesse, the blind Queen of Chance,
A fairer pattern never drew
Of her own unconstant glance,
Then our Native *Rome* can show.

Alas! how did we whiletime fear the waste
Done in the poor *Brundisium*?
When *Cæsar* with measureless
Strikes all these bleeding shores dumb.

Then what a sad confus'd distraction late
With horror did surprise our ears?
How each heart did ancedate
A tempest in their troubled fears?

When on a sudden (mighty Jove be prais'd)
The welcome news of *Victory* came
Screed'd those storms, and shouts are rais'd
Which echo'd from all harmonious lay.

O may this fleeting *Beckle* Goddess here
Securely softly sit her down,
And sleep as long as *Phœbe's* Deare
On towering *Læmus* face & crown.

O that the wakefull *Gemins* of this place
Would but present her with a potion
From *Lethe* fatche, might make her face
Forget its frowne, and sent their motion.

Now *Rome* is *Mars* his darling *Aphrodites*
O that some *Deity* would see
To take them in this happy plight
A lasting *Adaphantine* net!

Listen Great *Jove* with robes devotion frags
The Voice of new-born liberties;
O that some God would clip the wings
Of unconstant *Victory*.

Agus

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Actus tertius.

Enter *Antony* in a morning gown; the haire of his head and beard very long and unkembed.

Soldiers not in their armour.

Ant. Come fellow Sold, cheer your drooping spirits, Behold the campe of *Lepidus*. This weed Black as my Fortunes, these unkembed locks,

This rusty long-grown beard, this meager visage, Emblems of my distress, might make the bowells Of ravenous Wolves and Tygers yern with pety, But they are *Romans*, and have *Roman* hearts; Come, come, the day may shine, when with delights We shall recount the sorrows of this journey; When by our fires, in bosome of our wives, Our children too, and faithfull friends about us, We shall discourse unto their greedy ears, Of our travails through the Alps, and glory in them, How every weary step presented us With some new precipice; how we cas'd our limbes Not on the soft repose of downy beds, But on a frigid and congealed heap Of snowy fleeces, with some rugged crag To be our pillow. You shall then decide The *Roman* pomy, and when you see an ear Hung with a jewell, tell them 'twas not so; With you, when whilome on the Alpine cliffs Your hairs were linkt with chains of dangling Icicle; What a brave glory will't be at a feast, Amongst th' abundance of the *Roman* luxury, To tell them how your welcome drink was once Not the sweet Nectar of the *Lebian* grape, Or *Formian* wines presented in a cup Of Gold engrav'n with Anticks, or in crystal Priz'd more for its fragility then worth? But, that which once *Darius* so esteem'd, The muddy water of a tainted puddle, Solace with a hollow palm into your mouths; And that your Viands were not *Lucrine* oysters, The dainties of *Cerveter* will fowl Procur'd as far as from the River *Phasis*, But beasts whose stinking flesh would make the stomach Of your luxurious citizen disgorge, Roots, wild fruit, and the very barks of trees, Thus faithfull Partners of my travails shall we Solace our selves, when these unwelcome clouds Are blown away. I'm now to throw the Dice, Pray heaven the chance be good; Retire you something.

Exeunt Soldiers.

Enter *Soldiers* as in *Lepidus* camp.

1 Sold. What discontented wight is this approaches

Our trenches in this mournfull garb and habit?

2 Sold. By Mars he looks like a *Memento mori*.

3 Sold. Sure I have seen thy face.

Ant. You have no doubt.

And if my eyes deceive me not, I see

Clodius and *Laelius* here among you, I weare.

That would have known me once.

Clod. It may be so.

Lael. But if we cannot call you now to mind,

I hope you will impute it to your habit

And our forgetfulness, but not to pride,

Or scorn of misery.

Ant. No I doe not *Laelius*.

For I may well seem strange to thee, who am

Grown almost out of knowledge with my selfe

Yet have I not forgot my Name, which while

I was more happy was *Antonius*.

Clod. Alas, I know you Sir to my grief.

Ant. But now I will not atrogate that name.

For being fals from what I was, I must not

Make my self what I am. Alas I thought not,

Then when *Antonius* was *Antonius*,

Fortune would ere maligne me so as make me

An eye-sore to my selfe. Brave *Romans*, here

You see a wretch thrown from the height of greatness

To feed on carrion, and, in fellowship

Of Beasts, drink water out of maimed quagmires.

Some remnants of my Army are surviving

Which have with many a weary step past o're

The rugged Alps, and here attend the sentence

Of life or ruine from your Mouths.

Omnes. Alas!

Enter *Lepidus*.

Lep. How's this? *Antonius* in a mourning habit

Clole at my Trenches, and with sawning words

At parly with my Soldiers? Sound the trumpets,

And drown this *Syrens* language, or w' are lost.

Trumpets sound.

Anton. I had but two poor Engines by whose help

I thought the forreffe of these Souldiers hearts

Might be subdued, my habit and my speech,

And one's already frustrate, is no matter.

Though with this more then *Corymbian* noise

My words are swallow'd, yet my miseries

Shall speak as loud as thunder in the ears

Of these relenting *Romans*, for I see

Tokens of pity in their looks, well here

Like a decayed statue will I stand

And speak a mute Oration, that may chance

Advance my hopes to th' height of wish fruition.

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Enter Soldiers as in Lep. camp.

1 Sold. See where he stands.

2 Sold. Is that Antonius?

1 Sold. The same, or rather not the same Antonius.

3 Sold. 'Fore 'four 'tis pity, he's a proper man.

4 Sold. Me thinks he looks vile thin about the gills.

2 Sold. He stands by Heaven like a *Mercyfull* Index.

4 Sold. Ev'n such a meager face for all the world
Has *Saturnus* statue in the Capitol.

Enter *Clodius* and *Laelius* in
women's attire.

4 Sold. But stay, what's here, a brace of Cockatrices?
Whither so fast, my pretty mincing Damsels?

Wee must not part thus, Come, come.

Clod. Say you so? *With a box on the ears*

Strikes him down

Soldiers. Ha, ha, ha!

4 Sold. What female devil'll tro was'd? by *four*
My car's as hot as limping *Vulcanus* anvil.

Soldiers. Ha, ha!

Clod. Now, Noble *Antony*, I see wee are

As much unknown to you in this disguise,

As you to us, when first you did appear

So far unlike our late renowned *Consul*,

But Sir to put you out of doubt I'm *Clodius*,

Lel. And I am *Laelius*.

Clod. Both come to comfort

Your wretched fortunes.

Ant. Friends I can but thank you.

Lel. 'Tis more than wee deserve yet.

Ant. 'Tis as much

As my forlorn estate can now afford.

Lel. Your state's forlorn no longer then you please,

Take heart, the camp is ready to receive you.

Clod. I, and to kill the Generall *Lepidus*

If you'll but say the word.

Ant. Again I thank you,

And will nor die a debtor, may I must

Die both a debtor, and ungratefull too.

The courtesie's to gear, my best endeavours

Will bee too feeble ever to requite it.

Yet shall the Generall *Lepidus* live for mee,

I will nor raise my fortunes by his fall.

Clod. Then Sir to morrow morning shall our camp

Expect you with your Soldiers, and the Trench

Bee level'd 'gainst your coming.

Ant. *Clodius*,

And *Laelius* the restorers of my life,

I were a foe to my own happiness,

And which is more, respectlesse of your kindness,

If I should fail.

Clod. Then *Antony* till then

Farewell.

Ant. Farewell, farewell good *Laelius*.

Ex. Clod. & Lel.

Why now me thinks I'm *Antony* again;

I gratulate my Alpine travails now.

Who in a state so hopelesse as was mine

Would not for such an illud feed on dogs,

Or cats, or worse then both an age together?

Well I'll unto my fellow travellers,

This news will make them frolicke.

Thus the day

Usher'd with darknesse sends the sweeter ray.

Exit.

Enter *Caesar*.

Now *Caesar* summon thy whole self, thou art

But yet a stripling, and must arm thy self

With providence unknown in these few years.

The Senators, those Nestors of the State,

Disturb the fair *prosludium* of my Glories:

They have created *Decimus* their Generall

Against *Antony*, robb'd me of my *Triumph*,

And jealous of my fortunes, closely practise

To win the Soldiers from me, but I am not

So weak a Politician, on such terms

To part with these fair hopes: if this contempt

Be cast upon me, *Antony* yet living,

What would they doe if he were once extinguish'd?

Well I'll no longer be deluded thus.

I'll doe what *Pansa* on his Death-bed with me,

Even this, acquaint my self with *Antony*,

And *Lepidus*, to whom no doubt he is join'd.

Then will I send *Censurations* to the Senate,

To ask for me in name of the whole Army

The Consulship. If't be denyed, I am determin'd

To march my selfe to *Rome*, and gain by force

What fair means cannot win. They who intend

Betimes to compasse their wisht journeys end

Must take the day before 'em: so must I

Set forth at morning of my age, and ply

My youthfull sinews in this task of glory,

Crowning my spring with harvest, that the story

Of *Caesar* forward years, may be as bright

As others lives, and send as faire a Night.

Enter *M. Cicero*, and
his brother *Quintus*.

Mar. Brother, I'm much perplext about this *Caesar*.

He has so fixt his hopes upon the Consulship

Ther's no removing him.

Quint. I always fear'd,

What the Immoderate Honors which the Senate

Confer'd upon him would at length produce.

For if *Antony* from deceased *Caesar*,

Took his occasion to usurp the State;

What hope may we suppose, will be put on

The Author of whose confidence is not

A murdred Tyrant, but the Senates self?

And truly brother you are to be blam'd

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

For the same flux of Honors with the rest.

Mar. Why *Quintus*, he deserv'd them and more
While he stood constant to his countreys cause;
As for my self, the dignity which I
Decreed him, was but just and necessary;
For you well know the name of *Generall*,
Though it was somewhat too much for his age,
Is not convenient only, but essentiall
To the well governing of so great an Army.
Now since *Octavius* has abus'd both that
And other favours, 'tis his own ambition
And not my fault, unless I must be censur'd
As guilty of another misdemeanours.

Quint. You must, if you might have prevented it,
Which moderation would have done. But now
That *Caesar* who (as you were wont to say)
Flow'd from the fountain of your Counsellors, sullies
All your intendments; for alas what good,
What profit gain we by the overthrow
Of *Antony*, since for reward *Octavius*
Requires succession in his Tyranny?
Since he who vindicated one, begins
Himself another ill, as black as that,
And like to take a deeper root and footing?

Mar. Nay, prethy *Quintus*, doe not aggravate.
The youth I hope is not so lost to goodnesse,
So desperately given, but I may win him
To have some pity on the State, to tender
The safeties of well-minded Citizens,
Especially of my beloved *Brutus*.

Quint. What if he will not? shall we not be safe
But under his protection? Heaven defend us,
What would the noble *Brutus* say of this,
Should he but hear it, doe you think he'd brook
His safety should be so demissly begg'd
Of him that's heir to *Julius*, whom he slew?
Why now you put the reins of Tyranny
Into his hand, and indiscreetly kindle
The fire already glowing in his breast.
Hee'l raise his thoughts to fancy certainties,
And hasten to maturity what yet
Is scarce conceiv'd in th' womb of his Ambition;
When he perceives the authors of our liberty
Commended to his care, and that by you
Who have been hitherto the chiefest prop
And pillar of it. Why consider *Mark*
The very name of *Caesar* seems to enite him
Gainst those which slew his Uncle.

Mar. Cease Good *Quintus*,
You wrack me too severely.

Enter *Tyros*.

Tyros. My Good Lord,
The Centiner *Cornelius*, from the Generall
Octavius Caesar waits to speak with you.

Mar. He must be mildly handled.

Quint. As you please.

Mar. Well, bring him in.

Exit *Tyros*.

Enter again *Tyros* with *Cornelius*.

Corn. The Generall *Octavius*
Salutes your Lordship not by me alone
But by these Letters.

} Delivers and
} *Cic.* reads.

Sir I must intreat you
In name of the whole Army to repair
To th' Senate.

Cic. Yes *Cornelius* I will,
And glad I am to hear the noble *Caesar*
Is in good health.

Corn. Farewell my Lord.

Cic. Farewell.

Exit *Cornelius*.

Mar. Brother here's that I fear'd so much, there are
Four hundred Soldiers in the Armies name
Come to intreat for him the Consulship.
'Tis *Caesar*'s own device I fear, although
He makes it not his, but the Armies suit.
What's your advice?

Quint. Why are you doubtfull brother?
Ne'r give your voice, lest what you have achiev'd
Against *Antonius* now degenerate
From the fair glory of a valiant mind,
To an opinion of slavish fear;
Nay worse, 'twill occasion to the world
To brand you with hypocrisie, and say
Your deeds have tended not to root out Tyranny,
But rather to obtain a milder Master.
You know the times; a Magistrate is made,
Doe what he can, the common mark of slander;
The best State-pilots oft are overwhelm'd
With the foul sea of an opprobrious mouth;
Their Vertues branded with the name of Vice,
Their diligence of deccy; but to consent
To this Ambitious suit for *Caesar*, were
T' expose your self to a deserved censure
And such a one would taint your worthiest actions.

Exit.

Enter *Tyros*.

Takes out a Table-book, and writes,
Cal. Sex. An. ab urb. cond. D. CC. XX. Cornelius
with other Centurians and Soldiers, to the number of
400 came in the behalf of the whole army to Rome, to
ask of the Senate the Office of Consul for their Generall.
Octavius Caesar.

Now, as it is the custome of Historians,
Let me a little descant on this businesse.
There is a whispering rumour, that *Octavius*
Slew *Hintius* in the tumult of the battle,
And poyson'd *Pansa* at *Bononia*;
By his Physician *Glyces*; now me'thinks,
This sudden suit for th' Consulship confirms,
At least makes more suspitious that report.
Nay more, I hear he's reconcil'd to *Antony*
Upon a sudden; this is something too.
I know not what will follow; but 'tis doubtfull.

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

So, now I care not, if I goe and read
Two or three pages of that liquid volume
Commended to me by my Cousen *Lantius*.

Enter *Senate*,
Cornelius and *Centurions*.

Cornel. My Lords the Senators, we here are come,
To ask for *Cæsar* our victorious Generall,
In the behalfe and name of the whole Army,
The Office of the Consul, and expect
Your present answers to our just request.
We hope his Age will be no greater barre
To him, then it has been before to others,
Cervinus was, but yet a youth, and *Scipio*
No more, when they were both created Consuls,
And yet the State repented them of neither.
We might produce the examples of great *Pompey*
And *Dolabella*, but we hope 'tis needless.

Cent. *Cornelius* speaks the language of us all.

Cor. And the whole Army, Fathers, speaks in us,
Sir, What is your counsell Conscrip'ts?

1 *Sen.* *Marcus Tullius*

Our Liberty's at stake in my opinion,
And would be ruin'd should we grant the suit.

2 *Sen.* 'Tis palpable.

3 *Sen.* We must not give such reins
To this Ambitious Youth.

4 *Sen.* I know not one

In all our Order will consent unto it.

5 *Sen.* The Tribunes are against it.

Cic. *Salvius* too?

5 *Sen.* I, he especially.

6 *Sen.* And I.

All. And All.

Cic. Inform him good *Minutius*.

Min. The Senators doe all intreat the Army
To be a while contented with the honors
Already heaped on your Generall,
The worthy *Cæsar*, and the States preserver.
When they shall judge it timely and convenient
He shall, I know't *Cornelius*, have both this,
And other dignities with a full hand.
While others rule, yet those that doe obey
Are no lesse part o' th' Common-wealth then they.

Cor. *Minutius* you may keep your sentences,
For they nor your fair language shall perswade us
To leave the prosecution of our suit.

It seems the Conscrip't Fathers are against it;
But this shall doe it, if the Senate
Will not.

Minut. Hence traitorous varlet dost thou threaten us?

Exeunt Cornel. & Cent.

1 *Sen.* How's this?

2 *Sen.* So boisterous? then I fear a storm.

Cic. A strange affront.

Min. What heavy Tyranny

Must we expect from *Cæsar's* Consulship
Whose agents dare thus check this sacred Order?

Enter *Pomponia*,
Philologus.

Pomp. What is the Senate yet broke up *Philologus*?

Phil. Yes, newly Madam.

Pomp. Where's my Husband *Quintus*?

Phil. Gone but 't' accompany my Lord your Brother
Home to his house, he will be with you straight,
For so he had me tell you.

Pomp. 'Tis enough.

Exit Pl.

Why what a peece of idle Vanity,

Is Woman to be so inquisitive?

My ear now itches, till I hear th' affairs

Debated in the Senate.—I have read

A very pretty fiction now I think on't;

How the first mover, being, cause, or Nature,

Or Fate or Fortune, call him what you will,

When he first fram'd the fondling sexe of Women

In his *Promethean* shop, did form the Heart,

The Mind, the Soul, or whatsoever you call

That inner Pilot of this floating Clay,

Of strange and various matters, whence they did

Derive their as strange qualities and conditions:

A slut was formed of as foul a sow;

A subtil Huswife of a crafty fox;

A gluttonous and lazy Crane of earth;

A woman turning like a weathercock,

With the fond wind of crosse and foolish humours,

Smiling and frowning oft-times in an hour,

As false as winter sun-shine or a shewre

In summer, was compos'd of the Ocean.

And so of all the rest, but the whose ears

Tingle as mine with this inquisitive itch,

Had, as the Fable fancies, for her Sire

A dog; but yet me thinks I cannot find

My selfe in all this brood; for though I have

A fond desire to hear, yet say I little,

I bark not, mine's a harmlesse folly which

Is never like to change me to a bitch

As't' did the Trojan *hecuba*.

Exit.

Enter *Piso* and *Fulvia*.

Pi. Come, *Fulvia*, cease these sorrows, for thy husband

Has now shook off the chains that kept him down,

The frozen Alps have brought him to a Fortune

Which may weigh down the thought of past afflictions;

He's fellow Generall with *Lepidus*,

Nay, he alone rules all, and *Lepidus*

Has but the naked name and title only;

And now they have repair'd the Alps together,

With seventeen Legions, as I am inform'd,

Besides ten thousand Horse-men; nay *Octavius*

And

The Tragedy of *M. Tullius Cicero*.

And he are now for ever reconcil'd;
Here's that will add Authority to my words.

Delivers a Letter. She reads.

Fulv. *Ottavius* is our own; confirm'd, confirm'd,
By a more naturall tie then Friendship.

Piso. How!

Fulv. He must now call me Mother; for the daughter
Of *Fulvia* is decreed his Spouse. *Piso*, indeed!

Fulv. I, and *Ottavius* too has past the *Rubicon*,
And is now marching hither with 8 Legions.

So *Cicero* I think has lost his shelter.

Now shall my Husband *Antony*, and I

Be for his stabbing jeers at length reveng'd.

Piso I thank you, all my cares are vanish. *Exit.*

Piso. This woman's now secure, but I have eyes

Which stay not at the *Superficies*,

But pierce to th' center and the heart of things.

I am afraid this friendship is not real,

And but to compass his own ends. He creeps

Into acquaintance with *Antony*;

That by his aid I doubt himself may win

A good successe to his Ambitious aims;

As first to seat himself in th' Consulship,

Next to root out the *Macedonian* Chiefs

Brutus and *Cassius*; but will this bee all?

Will he sit still and on this height determine

To fix the pillar of his hopes? No, no,

Ambition cannot brook Plurality.

Only one Neptune in the Sea doth dwell,

One Jove in Heaven, and but one Diel in Hell:

Heaven, Hell, and raging Sea have each but one,

And he or *Antony* must rule alone. *Ex.*

Enter Salvius, Cicero.

Salv. Alas good *Cicero*, 'twas not hate to you
Nor love unto *Antony* that I did it,

But pure devotion to my Countreys cause.

Cic. But my immoderate hate of *Antony*

(I now confesse it) blinded my discretion,

And carried me too inconsiderately

Unto this dangerous planting of *Ottavius*.

Salv. 'Twas that I fear'd, and therefore did withstand
you.

You favour'd *Caesar*, and maintain'd his youth

In opposition of *Antony*;

Left *Antony* should get the upper hand;

I favour'd *Antony*, and oppos'd your counsells;

Left *Caesar* should ascend too high a pitch;

Your aim was to beat down a reigning Tyranny,

Mine to keep down springing Ambitions;

Yours to oppress *Antony* calmar;

Mine to suppress rising *Ottavius*; both

Good in th' intent, though in effect pernicious.

Cic. Sure some superiour power has order'd this;

And made us instruments of our own subversion;

But this afflicts me most, that these calamities
Should happen at a season so unfortunate,
When *Brutus* and *Cassius* are so far remote,
Nor furnish neither to oppose such violence.

Enter Apuleius.

You look, good *Tribune*, as if borrow'd dwelt

Upon your knowes; what tydings *Apuleius*?

Apul. My Lord *Ottavius* is directly coming

To th' City with an Army of 8 Legions;

Antony too and *Lepidus* are come

With mighty forces into Italy

Only with this intent, to second *Caesar*;

The streets are fill'd with tumult and confusion

Some run about not knowing what to doe,

Others remove their families and goods

Into out-villages, or stronger places

Within this City.

Salv. Heaven defend us, *Cicero*,

Alas we are undone,

Apul. The Senate, Sir,

Is now in consultation of some course

Whereon to pitch. Your presence is expected.

Cic. No doubt it is; but I am absent my selfe,

The Conscrip. Fathers may themselves determine

What's best in this necessitating straight

For their own safeties, I should say the States,

But there the choise is cross; as for my self

Nothing can come amiss. I've liv'd too long

To see this day. The Fathers force to yeeld

(As now they must) to th' ruine of their liberty:

O 'tis a corrosive to my soul to think on't.

'Twere good you two would goe and take your place

Both. We will, and that with speed; Farewell.

Cic. Farewell. *Ex.*

Enter Senate.

1 *Sen.* Wee must bee speedy Fathers. What's
counsell?

2 *Sen.* I have in my opinion shd dispatch

A message to him to present him with

The Consulship.

3 *Sen.* I, that's the safest way.

4 *Sen.* But th' Armies fired for the late rey

How shall we stay their furies?

2 *Sen.* Wee'l decree

To th' whole 8 Legions twice so much in

As wee have promis'd to the two.

1 *Sen.* How say you?

Are you content?

Omnes. Content! we must officie.

1 *Sen.* See what the *Tribune* says to's.

Sen. They consent,

Forc't by the same necessity as wee.

1 *Sen.* Come then, let's speedily dispatch the Legats,

Exeunt.

D

Cic. How

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Enter Cicero.

Cic. How will this royall City now become
A nest of Vultures! and her Senatours
Be made a wretched prey to ravenous talons!
Will *Caesar* think himself secure, while men
So much addicted to the *Seate* survive?
No; Tyranny's suspicious, hee'l headhead them,
Lest happily they should beget young *Brutes*.

Enter *Salvius*.

Salvius what news?

Salv. What news! why *Caesar's* Confid.
Legates are sent unto him with the offer.

Cic. Heavens! what a tide of woes must *Rome* expect,
When she must lift the axe to her own head?
That *Brutus* were at home now! we would loose
Our dearest blood, before our liberty.
Thrice happy you, which in the *Mulino* field
Gave up your lives! you breathe not with the rest,
To taint your former glories with black treason
To your own Countreys freedom; in soft peace
Rest your immortal souls. But wretched we,
That for one Tyrant, now are plagu'd with three.

Enter *Qu. Cicero*.

Quint. Brother, the *African* Legions are arriv'd.

Mar. Arriv'd *Quintus*?

Quint. *Marcus* 'tis most certaine.

Mar. Nay, then we will not on such feeble terms
Part with our Countreys freedom, *Salvius* come.

Exeunt.

Enter *Senators*.

Senator. What have we done my Lords? given up our
liberty.

Without the shedding of one drop of blood?

Twill grow a custome for Ambitious men

T' usurp the offices of State; if thus

The Consulship be made a prey to force

Nay rather let's oppose and bear th' assault,

Till *Decimus* or *Plancius* come and succour us

Let's fight till our lives latest breath be spent,

Rather then leave a gap for Tyranny,

Never before attempted with success.

There was, there was that virtue once in *Rome*,

When her brave Worthies would not stand agast

At such a threatned storm as this, but strike

The bolt from hand of that usurping *Jove*

Durst venture once to raise in *Conscripts* what

Have we let dull and rust the glorious edge

Of that heroic boldness? or is't only

Imprison'd in the *theatre*? let's draw it out:

Nor fail our Country, but uphold her cause,

While we have hearts, and hands like frus-born *Romans*.

Enter *Cicero*.

Cicero. Fathers you were too forward in th' dispatch

Of your Legation to *Offavus*,

You will repent it.

Sen. M. Tullius, why?

Cic. The *African* Legions are arriv'd.

Sen. Arriv'd!

Then let the Messengers be called back.

Cic. Fathers, I need not urge how bright and glorious

Is zeal unto the common cause. I know

You prize it as the jewell of your lives,

And you doe well; for 'tis a Musick which

Will, like the note of the *Cassian* bird,

Stick by you till your latest gasps; and then

Be your good *Genius* mounting to the skies

Your winged souls, where being stellid

You shall with shining Opticks see how weak

A nothing is, this molehill earth whereon

Poor Mortalls toil so; there you shall behold

How feeble, how ridiculous a madnesse

Is fond Ambition. But I lose my self

In this divine and pleasing contemplation

Come let's dispose our selves for opposition

Senators. With all our Hearts. Heaven prosper the at-

tempts.

Enter *Caesar*, *Captains*.

Soldiers.

Caes. How's this? the Senate so unconstant? well,

Corneilius take some certain Horsemen with you,

Post to the City, and assure the people,

I come not with intent to raise a tumult;

But on faire terms of peace; make hast before;

And I will follow with all speed I can.

Enter *Pomponius* and

Young Quintus.

Pomp. So Audious *Quintus* in such times as these?

Quint. Yes, Madam, therefore 'cause the times are such.

Though *Caesar* be a youth as well as I,

Yet he is one of deeper undertakings

Then can be sound by such heads as mine;

Pray heav'n they puzzle not the piercing judgments

Of our grave Senators.

Pomp. And 'tis my prayer,

But what is't you are reading?

Quint. 'Tis a book

My Uncle *Marcus* wish me to peruse

Pomp. You cannot better spend your mornings leisure

Then after his prescriptions. Time's a treasure.

A day is like a costly ring of Gold,

And

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

* And morning is the Diamond of that ring.
But tell me something which your book contains
Worthy our hearing.

Quintus. Madam, the whole volume
Is like a gallery hung about with pictures
Of filial piety. Here on trembling shoulders
More fam'd then those of *Hercules*, which upheld
The heavenly orbes, one bears his aged father
Through midst of flames, and so preserves that being
Which was the Spring of his. Another bears
Her on his pious back who in her wombe
Bare him. Here one sustains her mothers life
With the same food wherewith her own first breath
Was by that mother cherisht; these were deities
In Natures heaven, and have now an *Elysium*
Not to inhabit only but to rule.
Yet that which makes me most admire, is this,
That the mute son of *Cremus* should unlose
The fetters tyed by Nature to his tongue,
And cry, Kill not the King.

Pomp. To save our Parents
Is the first law and dictate Nature writes
In our hearts fleshy Tables, therefore did she
Articulate the undistinguishing murmurs
Of his chain'd tongue, lest by her fault that law
Should want its force and vigour in the youth.

Quintus. Methinks I envy the example. *Pomp.* What?
Would you your father should be so indanger'd
That you might save him?

Quintus. No, not for a world.
But who knows what this age doth travail with?

Pomp. True, But the President coheres not; You,
The heavens be thank'd for't, were not born dumb.

Quintus. 'Tis a great benefit; but yet me thinks
I could incarcerate, as he freed his voice,
To save a father. I could win by bridling
As great a name, as he by giving reins
To stupid nature; such an act would come
Within the verge of praise, whereas his does not
Without th' internalls.

Pomp. Goe, you make me sad. *Exit Quintus.*
What Genius has inform'd my *Quintus* fancy,
That he still meditates on such examples?
Pray heaven my husband never prove an object
For him whereton to exercise this piety.

Exit.

Enter M. Cicero.

Still doe I strive against the stream, and like
A silly Lark mount the enraged wind,
Which I doe not poise my actions well
Will carry me away. We thought the Gods
By their auspicious providence had sent
The *Africk* Legions to our succour; but
They are revolted from us, and their Captains
Taken to favour. Only one *Cornelius*
Scorning to beg life from this second *Cesar*

Has like a second *Cato* slain himself.
And I would follow him, but that the good
And safety of my Country is my *Remora*.
I will for th' present seek *Octavius* favour,
It cannot be a stain to *Cicero*
Since all have don't already but my self.

Enter Senators.

Sen. Have you made peace with *Cesar*?

Cic. I have sued it

By mediation of his friends, and now

Wait to accost him, sure he is at hand.

Sen. He is indeed; Hark how the people shout.
Shout.

Enter Caesar and others.

Sen. Health to the worthy and victorious Consul.

Caesar. Fathers I thank you.

Cicero. Haile to Noble *Caesar*.

Caes. My Honour'd Father!

Cic. 'Tis too high a Title

For *M. Tullius Cicero*.

Caes. Now you wrong me,

The Parent of my country must be mine.

But yet I must be bold to tell you Sir,

You have been something sparing of your courtesies;

You are the last of all my Noble friends

That come to welcome my return from *Gaul*.

Exeunt. A shout.

Chorus.

O what a wounding shout was this!
'Tis even as banefull as the *Mandrake's* note,
The shrieks of damned souls, the hiss
Of *Scorpions*, *Adders*, or the *Sirens* throate.

Let it be strangled, 'tis a sound
Will wake pale death from his *Cimmerian* Cell,
Twill rend a passage through the ground,
And bring the *Furies* from their Court of Hell:

The barbarous *Thracians* though they sing
Their dead unto their graves, would bowle to see
So black, so venomous a sting

Enter the body of their State, as we.

For these are but *Sardonian* smiles
Which dance upon our brows; this fading mirth
Will prove an *Embryon*, and begaile's
When we shall find it sick-borne at the birth.

O what a golden age we enjoy'd
Under the Reverend *Saturnes* of the State!

But now an upstart scurge unbod,

Unto an age of iron gives new date.

What power this ruine on us brings?

Julius is turn'd his *Genius*, we fear,

And lent him *Tityus* Vultures wings

To enhance the swiftnesse of his proud carous

D 2

The Tragedy of *M. Tullius Cicero*.

If such a little time as seems
Full twenty Summers have a Consul bore
Of such a growth, so culminant;
What may we think alas of twenty more?
Others when in this sacred way
Of honor, they had travail'd but so far,
would sit them down, and safely say,
Death was mature unto a Consular.

But this young minion of blind chance,
Like a skie-climbing Eagle still will tower
Until he shall himself advance
Unto a Sov'rain Independent power.
Heavens! if it be your sacred pleasure
To put a period to our liberty,
O let the Scepter know some measure,
That being servile we may yet seem free.

Actus Quartus.

M. T. Cicero.

NOW we are past recovery, lost for ever.
 Our new-made Consul, made indeed, but not
 Elected, for Election is an Act
 Of Will not Voice, of an internall suffrage,
 Not outward sound; this Consul, whom our fears,
 Not our Consents or Votes have dignified,
 Hangs o're us like a full and pregnant cloud
 Ready to pour a tempest on our heads.
 Ous forced hands delivered him the Axe
 To punish State-maligners, but alas
 He whets it for the necks of our preservers.
 I only I am blam'd: ungratefull City;
 They are not *Cæsars* honors which afflict us,
 But his new-entered friendship with *Antonius*,
 Which was the only rock my best endeavours
 Were ever prest t' avoid, lest the Republike
 Should suffer wrack upon't. I thought the way
 To keep him distant with *Antonius*,
 Was to advance him to a requisite power
 Of opposition: 'las we but conjecture
 And guesse at the events of things; our knowledge
 Cannot arrive to an infallible certainty
 Of the success of matters: 'tis aprivilege
 Peculiar only to the Gods, and is
 Deriv'd to us, weak mortalls, not by nature,
 But extraordinary participation.
 Since therefore 'tis th' unknown event alone,
 Not the perverseness of my soul, which crosses
 The seeming good appearing in my counsells;
 Why am I made the mark of accusation?
 But 'tis the custome of the times, I will not
 Deject my self for this; the innocence
 Which I am arm'd with is enough to raise me
 From such servility, but yet I'm griev'd
 For the sure ruine of my countreys freedom,
 For my Dear *Brutus*, and the Noble *Cassius*.
 The other Consul *Quintus Pedius*
 Has publish'd a decree wherein they're content'd

With interdiction of Fire and Water.
 Of Fire and Water! can they then constrain
 The fountains of our eyes to cease their course?
Brutus shall have these waters, till we have wept
 Their currents dry; and then our hearts shall send
 Whole clouds of vapouring sighs to feed new showers,
 But as for fire, they want it not; their breasts
 Cherish the flame of an unmoved zeal
 Unto their countreys liberty, which cannot
 Be quencht but with their blood; this *Cæsar* knows.
 And therefore that he may with doubled power
 Oppresse the heroick bravery of their spirits,
 Has reconcil'd *Antonius* and *Lepidus*,
 Those two pernicious monsters with the Senate,
 And now he is return'd again toward *Mutina*,
 No doubt to join with those two plagues, and there
 Contrive the ruine of the Common-wealth.
 For State-usurpers think of nought but blood,
 When they consult tis to devour the good.

Enter *Q. Cæcio*.

Quint. Brother, How dost?

Marc. Thinkst my beloved *Quintus*
 I can be healthfull when the State's diseas'd
 Whereof I am a Member?

Quint. 'Las tis true,
 Too true; the Common-wealth's distress'd indeed,
 Sick as the heart, faints, can no longer stand,
 Lies bedrid, and like fierce *Procrustes* guests
 Must be distended or abbreviated
 To th' pleasure of her Lord the worst of thee ves;
 For *Cæsar*, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
 Are met together not far off from *Mutina*,
 And in an Island round environed
 With a smal river, without any company,
 Are as I hear consulting.

Marc. What a Hell

Will

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Will this poor City be, when such a Three,
Like *Minos*, *Agas*, and *Khadamant*,
Sit on the life and death of her best States-men?

Quint. 'Tis to be fear'd indeed they will play *Sylla's*.
But who can help it? if the Gods will throw
Destruction on us, we must not complain,
For they're above us, and it were but vain,
For who can alter the decrees of fate?
Alas we are but mortall, and the State
Of this lifes pilgrimage is full of woe,
Better die once deliver'd with one blow,
And in ones countreys cause, then living dy
Wounded with sight of bloody Tyranny.

Marc. Now *Quintus* speaks like his own virtuous self,
This language melts me into fire and aire;
I am sublim'd, and ready to take flight
In extasie from this unwieldy lump;
Come, let's retire into my garden; there
Proceed in this divine discourse, 'till make
My soul disdain with Earthly mould comply,
And raise her thoughts to immortality.

Exeunt.

Enter Caesar Solus.

How full of fate and horreur is this morning?
She comes not tripping on the mountains tops,
But moves with drooping pace, and leaden heels,
Her eye-lids are not rosy, nor her brow
Gilded with that sweet beauty it was wont;
What has she changed colours with her *Memento*?
Or is she sick, and so has bound her head,
In this black vail of clouds? Alas, alas,
Tis left her eyes behold our blacker deeds.
My self, *Antonius*, and *Lepidus*
Have, like the three *Saturnian* brothers once,
Amongst us shar'd the *Roman* world, as if
It were our own inheritance, and now
We must complot a Tragedy; the *Proscripts*.
Must be culled out; shall *Cicero* then dy?
Alas, how pitey struggles in my breast.
This mouth, this tongue which now must speak his death,
Was wont to call him Father; shall I then
Become a Paricide? Suppose I doe;
He that aspires to govern without check,
Must set his foot upon his fathers neck.
It is a maxime long since practis'd
By *Jove* himself upon his father *Saturnus*.
But words oblige not to a natural duty.
I did but call him Father; and if now
I yeeld consent unto his death, I doe it
As he is *Marcus Cicero*, a stranger
To *Caesars* blood. But *Caesar* thought him worthy
The honor'd title of his Countreys Parent.
And shall *Octavius* ruine so great worth?
Be still my melting passions; He must die,
And therefore 'cause he is his Countreys partner,
He that is *Caesars* friend must be a foe.

Unto his countreys freedome, which he prizes
Above his life, and for this cause must lose it.
Shall he then die? Ambition says he must.
But pitey forbids; but Pitey
Must not be sided with Ambition.
It must be so. *Antonius* shall have *Cicero*,
Antonius then shall give me *Lucius Caesar*,
And *Lepidus* shall yeeld his brother *Paulus*.
Ambition thus must thought of pitey smother
Even toward a Father, Uncle, or a Brother.

Exit.

Enter Laureus.

Heavens! What a dismall time is this? the dogs
As if they were transformed into wolves,
Gather together, and doe nought but howles;
And wolves as if they were changed into dogs,
Have left the woods and traverse through the streets.
A Bull was heard send forth a humane voice,
An infant newly born to speak; A shrowe
Of stones descended from the troubled skies;
And in the aire was heard the cries of men,
Clashing of armour, and a noise of Horses,
Shrill trumpets sounds; the statues of the Gods
Sweet drops of blood, and some were toucht from heaven;
Many of th' Temples too are Thunder struck.

Enter Tyro.

Tyro were ever known such Tragedies?
Tyro. Never was imminent calamity
Threatened to *Rome*, but 'twas thus uttered, *Laureus*.
I might alledge the wretched fall of *Craffus*,
When such a purple flood of *Roman* gore
Discoloured *Lucans* field.
But the not yet cur'd dire *Pharsalian* blow
Shall speak for all, *Rome* scarce ere knew a prodigie
Which was not praevious to that bloody day,
The Sun and Moon eclips'd, *Aeneas* flames
Obliquely dard on th' *Italian* shore,
The Vestall fire extinct, the Native gods
Weeping; State-changing comets, monstrous births,
The grones of Ghosts from out their troubled Vines;
With many more.

Laus. But the *Hetruscan* Soothsayers
Will descant better on these things then we.
Tyro. 'Slight thou saist true, and now I think on't *Laus*,
Wee'll try if we can search what they determine,
Sure they have done by this their immolations. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Senate and
Soothsayers.*

Cicero. You the most Reverend of *Hetruscan* Vates,
To whom is known the births and deaths of States,
You who by arr unlock the Pole, to whom
Is made apparent fates intended doom

[D.]

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

By entrails deep inspection, or by thunder,
A hairy star or some such boding wonder,
Inform us what the angry destinies,
Threaten in these portentous prodigies,
But be not *Ænigmaticall*, nor throw
Your Speeches in a dark mysterious cloud,
As did the Sibylls and the *Delphick Nuns*,
Let your inspired Numbers evenly run
With obvious and unfolded sense, that so
We may conceive the essence of our woe.

The Ancientest of the Soothsayers.

Then fathers, hear your dismall fate,
Your freedom shall be lost, your state
Converted to a Monarchy,
And all be slaves but only I

Sex. What means the Aged Prophet?

Cicer. Fallen down?

Is it some powerfull extasie or death?

*Stops his breath,
and falls down
etc. &c.*

Second Soothsayer.

Our brother from his clay is flowne,
And seal'd your destiny with his own.
Thrice happy he, that now is blest
With a true *Elysian* rest,
And shall not see the tide of woe
Which on Survivers heads will flow.

The third.

Like our brothers Virall thread
Who now lies before us dead,
Your twine of liberty is broke,
And *Romans* must expect the yoke.

The fourth.

What the destinies have made
A firm decree, and he hath said,
No humane power can disannull,
Tis signed in your speaking bull.

The fifth.

When *Romulus* first founded Rome,
He fixt his Crowne by *Kemus* doome,
And built his Monarchy in blood;
Now shall return that antient power
Not re-establish with a shower
Of that salt humour, but a flood.

Cic. Well, what the fates have destin'd, humane power
Is not of strength to cancell; if I dye,
(As sure my blood must help to make the stream)
I will dye willingly; 'tis a noble death

Not to survive ones countreys liberty:
If Gods might tast of death, then would they die.

The Soothsayers over the dead corpes sing this Song.

1 Brother, 2 Brother, 3 Brother, 4 Brother,

1. Art thou dead?
2. Art thou fled?
3. Art thou gone,
4. All alone?

1. To the shades below,
2. To the desert cells,
3. Where glowing *darknesse* dwells,
4. And cloudy woe;
1. Where ne'r *win* knowne;
2. A cheerfull come,
3. Where wretched Souls
4. Like *Stygian* owles,

Together.

Have no joy of one another?

1 Brother, 2 Brother, 3 Brother, 4 Brother.

1. Thou art dead;
2. Thou art fled,
3. Thou art gone
4. All alone,
1. To the groves below,
2. Where sacred Quires
3. Inspir'd with holy fires
4. In triumph goe,
1. Where songs of mirth
2. Are caroll'd forth,
3. Where blessed Souls;
4. In *Nectar* bowles,

Together.

Drink and solace one another.

Exeunt with the carcase.

Enter Cicero reading.

*O Vitam vere vitalem! sed beatam etiam mortem, ipsa ad
beatissimam vitam adiutum aperiat!*

Most true, for did we like savage beasts
Returning to a former airy being,
No one part of us free from dissolution,
Death were a plague, and did not harbour in it
The sweetness which they talk of; for I think
To be, is better, though in restless troubles,
Then not to be at all; 'twere senselesse, impious

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

To say the power that's President of Nature,
 Infus'd into us such a love of Union
 In this compounded frame without some blessing
 In the continuance; but a meer cessation,
 A sinking into nothing, though it pains not,
 Yet 'tis no blessing, nor can properly
 Be said to take our cares and sorrows from us,
 Or us from them, but rather and more truly
 Us from our selves. I cannot think the Gods
 Were so unkind, so sparing of their blessings,
 Or feebly stor'd, as to bestow a Nothing
 On the two pious sons of *Argia*,
 On *Agamides* and *Trophenius*.
 For, pray, what goodnesse can be coucht in that
 Which cancels being, that is one with goodnesse?
 But doe we live then? can I think the soul
 Survives, when in an urnes forgetfull chest
 The mournfull treasure of our Ashes rest?
 See how my panting struggling soul contends
 To harbour the belief! Alas, me thinks
 'Tis so small argument to ground our hopes on,
 To see how sweetly good men entertain
 The weakest motion for a future life;
 To see them, how even shaking hands with death,
 They are more sprightly and repleat with vigour,
 Yea oftentimes oraculous, as if
 Something lay cag'd within that was not mortall,
 But were new-rapt with joy of better state.
 And even then seizing on Divinitie,
 When wicked men are full of discontent;
 Torment'd with furies, which their consciences
 Present them in the ugliest shapes: is't fancy?
 Or is't a feare their sullied names will stink
 In th' nostrills of posterity? 'tis neither.
 For if the first, why then are not the good
 Subject to th' same commotions, whose diseases
 And bodily distempers are the same?
 But if the second, then might they be free
 To whose enormous actions darkness only
 And secret Angels have been conscious;
 Therefore by this it seems that *Tityus* vultur
 Isions wheel, and the *Tantalian* fruits
 Are not meer bug-bears; but some mystick Em-
 blemes:
 Of the succeeding pains of guilty souls.
 Thus have I argued, yea and partly satisfied
 My own weak reason. Yet our great Philosophers
 In the discussing of this weighty matter
 Fare much likened men in stony fields,
 They can with ease beat down anothers reasons,
 But cannot save their own, alas, from falling;
 They can offend a wise *Antagonist*,
 Weaken his grounds, but not defend themselves,
 Whither alas, shall our reason's path tend,
 When we are blind in knowledge of our end?

Enter *Laureas*.

Laur. My Lord, there's one without, would speak with
 you
 From the *Triumvirs*.
Cic. The *Triumvirs* *Laureas*?
Laur. Yes, so he sayes.
Cic. O from *Antonius*,
Cesar and *Lepidus*. Send for *Quintus* to me,
 For *Salvius*, *Cato*, *Publius Apuleius*,
 And other of my friends, you know. *Laur.* I fly.
Cic. But charge none enter till they hear from me.
 From the *Triumvirs*? have they then usurpt *Ex. Laur.*
 A new-coyn'd office? what will now become
 Of those that have the old ones? what! why have
 Their Reverend heads struck off like *Tarquins* poppie.

Enter *Quintus Cicero*.

Mar. Brother, how is it you are here so soon,
 Since 'tis but now I sent to intreat your company?
Quint. A Brother should not stay till he be sent for;
 When he suspects his presence will be usefull;
 I had some doubtful notice of this messenger
 Which now within waits for admittance.
Mar. *Quintus*,
 How I am blest in such a carefull brother!
 Thus when the *Argive* King was vext with doubts,
 And call'd a councill of the *Gracian* Peers,
 Only his brother *Menelaus* came
 Of his own free accord.
Quint. It should be so
 Why had we else one father, why one mother,
 If not to live like brothers?
Mar. True, good *Quintus*,
 I could even weep to see this piety
 Flow so divinely from thee, now if ever
 Our states require our mutuall aids and counsells:
 But what dost think this messenger may bring?
Quint. No good I warrant you, perhaps our deaths.
 Can we expect from those three *Roman* furies
 A milder sentence?
Mar. Why, I will embrace it.
 Father and Ruler of this lusty sky,
 What way thou pleasest lead, and grant that I
 May follow with no sad or griev'd blood,
 Nor like an ill man bear what fits a good.

Enter *Salvius*, *Apuleius* and
 other friends of *Cicero*.

Mar. Friends, you are welcome. You shall hear anon
 Why you were sent for. Now call in the Messenger.

Enter

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. I cannot, Sir, say Health unto your Lordship,
Until you self confirm it, which you may
As will appear by this,

(Delivers a Letter.)

Nay good my Lord,

Give these the hearing of it, for the affair
May crave their judgments.

Marc. Then you know it, Mess. Partly.

Marc. Read you it Quintus.

Quint. No, my mouth shall never
Speak my own Brothers sentence.

Marc. This is fond, Quint. Pray heaven it prove so.

Marc. Will you read it Salvius?

Salv. You must excuse me Cicero. Cic. Say you so?

Then Apuleius you must be the Man.

Apul. Sir, by no means, if your own brother dare not;
Pray pardon me. Cic. Indeed! then read it you.

1 Friend. Not I my Lord, a Nor I, 3 Nor I, 4 Nor I.

Marc. Then Marcus Tullius sit thee down and read,
No doubt, thine own prescription.
Omnes. Heavens defend!

(Cic. Reads.)

M. Antonius Imperator, Augur, Triumvir,
to M. Tullius Cicero, Consular,
Greeting.

Free the Triumviri M. Antonius, M. Lepidus, and
Octavius Cæsar (Ventidius being chosen Consul in his
room)

Marc. Ventidius Consul in Octavius room,
And he Triumvir? this afflicts my soul.

(Reads.)

are for the space of five whole years appointed with full and
absolute authority for the re-establishment of the Common-
wealth; and you Cicero are now in my hands; yet have I so
mitigated my just conceived indignation toward you, that
if you will but burn your Orations which you call your Phil-
ippicks, compiled only out of malice and rancour against
me, you shall live; otherwise—

Yours, if perforce
make you not your
own foe.

Marc. You shall be soon informed which way I am
resolv'd to take.

Mess. He waits your Lordships pleasure. Exit.

Marc. Friends, here you see the slender twine whereon
My aged life depends. Salv. Too true my Lord!

Marc. Your counsell brother.

Quint. Mine is resolute.

Marc. The better, let me hear it. Quint. This it is;—

Defie him, Salv. Hold, I hope you will not, Quint.

Be your own brothers head-man, that but now
Could not be won so much as read the Letter,
Left you should speak his sentence.

Apul. Good my Lord,
Preserve your self for better times; the State
Will lose its soule, when tis depriv'd of you.

Salv. T will be a breathless trunk, a livelie carcass,
When you are gone; which were the only blood
And sinews of her liberty.

1 Friend. Alas!

We shall be prey'd upon by ravenous Vultures,
And those insulting Eagles of Ambition.

2 Friend. Think but of this when Cæsar's wife,
Where shall we find new Cicero's to oppose them?

3 Friend. Where shall opposit and wronged Citizens
Find upright Patrons, that will stick to justice,
Not fearing to incur a great ones frown?
They may as soon climb up to heaven, and bring
Astræa down again; unhappy Rome!

Quint. I do confesse good friends the common-wealth
Will miss a Cicero; and that my brother,
If we respect the wishes of the people,
And was s of the Republick, has not yet
Liv'd half of half his times; but if we cast
A backward eye upon his glorious actions,

Has liv'd a goodly age, and cannot now
Die immarely. Look upon the state
Of present things; the down fall of our liberty,
(And heaven knows what calamities will follow)
I think you cannot be so much his foe,
As not to say, he has now liv'd too long.

Apul. Ah! but the publick good's to be prefer'd
Before respects of private consequence.

Quint. But Publius, the State is now so wounded
That there's no hope of cure, and therefore may
Our old Physicians safely give it a remedy.
Were he an Æsculapius that could purchase
New life into a State, as once that son
Of Pean did to Prius, I should then
Blaspheme Great Jove himself should he but aim
His triforkt flames against him; but for one
Now sinking of himself into his grave,
And such a one is Cicero, in these times,
When such mens ages are but vain, what sepulcher
Can be more fit, more glorious than the same
Wherein his country's freedom lies enclous'd?

If he now die, hee shall be buried
With the renowned Pompey, son and father;
With Catulus, Petreius, and Afranius;
Yea with Antonius that brave man, unworthy
His noble blood should bear so foul a brand,
But if he live, with whom I pray will be
But Capito, Sæxia, and Ventidius
Therefore good brother, (I confesse my eyes
Doe swim with tears, yet shall my words proceed
From a couragious mind) be still thy selfes
To the huge volume of Antonius faults
Add one crime more, even Cicero's death; 'twill stick

Upon

The Tragedy of M. Julius Cæsar

Upon his name with a mote lasting blot
Then the most hainous of his other villanies,
For should his future deeds pronounce him parallel
To the great Alexander or Alcmena's son,
From whom he fetches his vain pedigree;
Should after ages wonder at his Act,
And say, why this, and this, and this he did,
Built such a City, conquer'd such a Countrey,
Thus and thus many times triumph, with Kings
And Queens to follow his victorious chariot;
Yet, for a period to each glorious sentence,
Some honest slander by will fighting say,
But he kill'd Cicero; Cicero still
Much like Prometheus Vulture rend and tear
The very heart and liver of his name;
Let Antony prescribe they let him Marcus, in shame
Why, he can do't but once, and that's some comfort;
But thou shalt prescribe him unto eternity
It is not thy proscription he remits,
But closely iues a pardon for his own;
Believe me Marcus, 'tis the meanest part
Which can be given, or taken from thee; charge
That's the true Cicero which Antonius know
Cannot be proscrib'd but by Cæsar;
If Antony deceive, and break his faith,
(As faith is seldom found in such a hee)
Then thou must die; Suppose he doe perform it;
Then must you live a vassall to his tyrannous will
Now which is to be chosen, death or servitude;
I leave it to your self, and your own judgment;
Yet my beloved Brother, by our Loves,
By thy now well-spent three and sixty years;
By thy renowned Consulship, the sacred
And (if thou wilt) the everlasting memory
Of thy admitted Eloquence, by these
And all that dear amichee, I adjudge thee
Die not confounding that thou wouldst not die.

Mar. Friends, I am bound unto your cares, & thank you
That not affection only, which were fond,
But the Republick's good, has been the motive
Of your persuasions. Well; I promise you
I will doe nothing unbefitting Cæsar;
Frame your hopes complement by this. I shall
Dispatch the messenger my self.
Salv. Good Cicero.

Remember us and Rome.
Apul. We were not born
(Tis your own saying) for our selves alone;
Our Countrey claims a part. Farewell, farewell,
Farewell my Friends; but Quintus, let me have
Your company. Quintus You shall.

Apul. May then I fear.
Mar. Come Brother Quintus, thou hast bravely argu'd;
Why weep'st thou?
Quintus. Doe you then approve my language?
I will unsay it.
Mar. Nay, thou shalt not, canst not.
Come, come, let's sing thy self shall only hear

How I will send defiance to Antonius.

Enter Lantreas and Tyro.

Lant. What think'st thou Tyro that my Lord admits
None but his brother Quintus to th' delivery
Of his reply? Ty. I cannot guesse the reason.

Lant. Me thinks he should not bar their longing ears
The hearing, if he does intend acceptance
Of the Triumvir's proffer. But I fear
He does not prize his life at such a rate.

Tyro. Tull, life is precious. Lant. But honor more;
'And what is life? Tyro. Tis Nature's gift. Lant. A poore
'And worthless Jewell fastned by a hair
'To th' ear of vanity. Tyro. It is the fair
'And sprightly shine of this compendious world.

Lant. And from what Pæbus is that lustre hurl'd,
'Tyro. The soul. Lant. A short liv'd day, a twi-light sun,
'Whose fading beauties cease when scarce begun.

'But honor is a day, that knows no night,
'And ever triumphs in immortal light.
I think Antonius might have done more wisely,
And might have sooner compass his desires,

If he had only sent him life, without
The intimation of those harsh conditions;
For so he could not in my slender judgment,
On such appallive terms have contradicted

The proffer'd benefit of his life, and then
I am perswaded fully that my Lord
Would ne'r have let posterity have known
His hate to Antony, from whom he should

Have daign'd th' acceptance of a slavish breath.
Tyro. Come, pretty leave, I shall despair anon.

Enter M. Cicero solus.

Now I have seal'd my fate, I must expect
The second message for my head; I must;
What may not man unlock this Cabiner,
And free the heavenly Jewell of his soul?

A wife man stays not Nature's period, but
If things occur, which trouble his tranquillity,
Emits himself, departing out of life
As from a stage or Theatre, nor pauses

Whether he take or make his dissolutions
Whether he doe't in sickness or in health.
Tis base to live, but brave to die by stealth.
This is the daring Stoicks glorious language;

I was my self too of the opinion once;
But now I find it impious and unmanly.
For as some pictures drawn with slender lines,
Deceiving almost our iaventive eyes,

Affect us much, and with their subtilties
Woove us to gaze upon them, but are found
By skilfull and judicious eyes to erre
In symmetry of parts, and due proportion;

The Tragedy of Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Even so the *Stoicks* Arguments are carved
With seeming curiousnesse, almost forcing judgment,
And carry with them an applausive show
Of undeniable verity, yet well I cannd
They are more like the dreams of idle braines,
Then the grave dictates of Philosophers:
The wise *Pythagoras* was opinion'd better,
For most divinely he forbids us leave
The torps due guard without our Captains license.
And to speak true, we are but *Usufructuaries*,
The God that governs in us is proprietary.
A Prisoner breaking from his Gaol or hold;
If he be guilty, aggravates his guilt;
If innocent, stains even that innocence
Which might perhaps have brought him cleerly off.
Tis so with us; our Magistrate, I mean
The power that's sovereign of this naturall frame,
Has sent us (*Plato* saies from heavenly mansions)
Into this fleshy prison where we live,
And must not free our selves, but patiently
Expect our summons from that sacred power
By his Lieutenant Death. For otherwise
We become guilty of a greater sin
Then Parricide it self, no bond of Nature
Being so neer, as of one to himself.
The *Grecians* knew this, when they judg'd the body
Of *Ajax* who had stain'd himself, unworthy
The common rites of buriall. Carefull Nature
Has sent'd our hearts about with certain bones;
Fashioned like swords; and shall we break the guard?
Nay, rather let us wait the will of th' heavens,
And, when we hence are warned by their Ordinance,
Let us depart with glad and joyfull hearts,
And think our selves delivered from a gaol,
Eased of giv'es and fetters, that we may
Remove unto our own eternall dwelling;
For, without doubt, that power that gave us beings,
Did not beget and foster us for this,
That having suffer'd on this stage of life
Thousand afflictions, infinite calamities,
Quotidian toiles, and all in Vices cause,
We should for guerdon fall into the gulph
Of an eternall death, and non-subsistence.
Yea, rather let us cherish this belief
That there's another haven provided for us,
A blessed refuge for our longing souls,
Arm'd with a seled confidence of this,
Like *Socrates* I will outface my death
And with the same fix spirit resign my breath.

Enter Quintus.

Marc. How now? *Quint.* O brother, there's no remedy
But die we must, or save our selves by flight.
Marc. Why, if the Destinies have so decreed, I
Welcome the easier of two woes, Sweet Death.
But what's the matter *Quintus*? *Quin.* The Triumvirs
Are posting with a threatening speed to *Rome*;

They come like thunder, and are bringing with them
A bloody tempest. *Marc.* Who can help it brother?
Yet we'll incline the times malignity;
The heavens must not be tempted; we are to keep
This fortress of our lives safe from invasion;
Why did they else intrust us with it? now
That cannot be without the use of means;
We must not look to escape the jaws of *Scylla*,
When by our own improvident carelesse, it becometh
We are ingulph'd already. He that thinks
Surrounded with his enemies to scape
(As *Homer* fables in the *Trojan* war)
Inveloped with a cloud, may be deceiv'd
No *Quintus*, we will fly, or, if that word
Be, as the *Stoicks* prattle, not be seeming
A prudent man, we will give way to th' times
We will depart. *Qu.* But whither?
Marc. Whither, *Quintus*,
But into *Macedon* to my dearest *Brutus*?
Prethly see all things suddenly prepared
Wee'l first unto my house at *Tusculum*,
Thence to *Astys*, so to *Macedon*.
Marc. I have a heart dares meet a thousand deaths,
But yet my soul is griev'd to see these days,
Are all my labors come to this? my watchings
My cares and services for the publick good?
The dangers which I daily have incur'd
By opposition of new-springing Tyranny
Are all, all my endeavors come to this?
That they now seem to have precipitated
This ruin on us, rather then withstood it?
Unhappy *Rome*! the Deities decreed
This downfall of thy liberty, for never
Could all our labours have been so pernicious,
Unless there had a greater power dispos'd them
To this sad end; which was the sole
Whence we directed thy now shipwreck bark,
This sinks me in a sea of grief, thy Senators
Shall die like Victims, Ruffians be the Priests
And thou the Altar, in their wretched entrails
A dismal horrid augury shall be written
Even thy eternall bondage to oppression.

Enter Quint. *Pomponia*
Quint. I am, my person

Marc. Are all things ready?
Quint. Yes, or will be straight.
But the Triumvirs are not with such hast
Posting to th' City, as I was inform'd.
Yet there are certain Centinets they say
Coming as Harbingers.
Marc. Believe me *Quintus*,
We have the greater reason to be pack'd;
These are the lightning previous to that thunder,
Whereof you spake before. And lightning strikes not
The humble cottage, but the towering edifice.
I see the loved objects which imprint;

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Those characters of sadness in thy village.
Grieve not *Pomponia*, Thou art happy, Sister,
Thou maist remain in thine own native *Rome*,
No *Anony* thinks for thy blood, thou maist
In peace adore the deities of thy country,
Yea and the *Lares* of thy private house;
When such as we, must leave our ancient homes,
Yea and our Country to a heavier woe.

Pomp. And that 'tis grieves me brother; what content,
What pleasure can I take in any thing,
When my beloved *Quintus* is departed?
My life will not be vitall. O my *Quintus*,
Soul of my soul.

Quin. *Pomponia*, doe not weep,
Tears are an ill prelage to such a journey.

Enter *Laureas*, *Tyre*,
Philologus.

Marc. What are the Litters ready? *Law.* Yes my Lord.

Quin. My life *Pomponia*, now farewell.

Pomp. Nay husband,
I'll see you setting forth, I will enjoy
As long as possibly I may thy sight,
Heaven knows if ever I shall see you more.

Marc. Nay Sister, now your grief is too extreame,

Pomp. It cannot brother.

Marc. Yes, for though you part,
Thy loving spouse shall leave behind his heart.

Chorus.

Where is that ancient beauty, *Rome*,

Was wont to shine

About thy head? where are become

Those rays divine?

Survey thy Fortunes, *Stupid City*,

Look, look, and know

Thyselfe turn'd monuments of pitty,

A map of woe.

But thou art deaf; well vaunting stand

And tell't above,

It was thy once renowned hand

Thrust *Tarquin* out;

Proclaim it, Citizens, that you

Did *Melius* quell;

That *Cassius* and *Manlius* too,

Your *Vicimes* fell.

Boast this, and more, doe, but misball

With horror say,

You did it only to kill

Worse plagues then they;

That you one viper of the State

Have chaw'd for three;

And for a wife *Triumvirate*

A Monarchy.

Alas, Alas, where shall we shroud

Our wretched heads?

For this threatening pendulous cloud

Wide ruine spreads.

Our ship upon a rock is cast,

Our saile yards mourn,

The Northwind has beat down our Mast,

Our steers are torn;

Our Cables too (that) are lost,

Oares have we none,

And that which grieves and cuts us most,

Our Pilot's gone.

What helps, weak Vessel, in this shoale

Thy birth divine?

In vain, in vain, thou vaunt'st thyselfe,

A *Panick* Fire

In vain thou invocast thy two

Tyndarian Gods,

They are't anticipate such woe

Too weak by ods.

Then since poor wretches, ah! we must

Our selves compose

To bear each rigid storm, each gust,

Each wave that flows;

O let us pray, this dangerous flood

Doe not become

A dead sea, or a sea of blood,

And its own Tombe.

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Actus Quintus.

Enter *Salvius* and others.

Salv. Friends, you are welcome, why so sad, I pray?
Those looks befit not feasts; invite your
browes

In the glad livery of smiles; be merry;
Mirth is the only essence of a feast.
But ah, how ill do's this dissembled jollity
Suit with my inside, or the times? I have
Invited you this night unto a supper,
The last, for ought I know, that I shall taste
In your desired companies. 'Tis true;
The Tribuneship was ever till this day
Esteemed holy, and of sacred power;
But from those men which coyn new offices,
What must the old expect but foul misprision?
Should *Jove* himself come down from his *Olympus*,
Not shadowing his *Deity* with a vail,
But in's most God-like majesty, I think
For one *Lycan*, he might now find three.
And such that would with more unheard of sayagetic
Feast his divinity; not with some poor infant,
But even their Mothers flesh, I mean their countreys.
And 'stead of *Neckar* give him blood to drink;
You know how fraught with zeal unto the cause
Of the Republick, I have now cashier'd
And quit that sink of villainous Rebellion
Antonius party, and have stuck to *Cicero*,
The trusty Patriot *Rome* was ever blest with;
And can I hope to meet with milder stormes
Then those who's only distant apparition
Has made him timely seek another harbour?
Which from my soul I wish he may obtain;
Nay rather if that good man fear'd a shower,
I must expect a tempest; for our nature
Hates more inplacably a declined friend
Then a continued foe. Since therefore *Antony*
And his two fellow plagues are now approaching,
Since there are Centurions arriv'd already,
Their fatal *Mercenaries*, perhaps, e' extinguisht
Those careful eyes, whose restless vigilance
Has been employ'd in service of the State,
(As sure they come to some such bloody end)
Let me enjoy you with the same solemnity
As parting friends take leave of one another.
Yet mingle something of the Thracian mirth
Among your sighs; let's laugh away our sorrow,
We may perhaps with *Pluto* sup to morrow.

Exeunt.

Enter *Centurion*,
Soldiers.

Centurion. Come Soldiers, *Salvius* *Otho*, as I hear,
Is frolic with his neighbors as a feast,
Wee'l spoil their second course. You know the price
Whereat the heads are rated by the *Triumvirs*.
Come follow me.

A Table discovered.

Salvius and his friends.

To them the *Centurion*.

Centur. Nay sit not, *Sirs*, be still, and keep your places,
Lest your own folly make your selves copartners
In this mans fall, which must be sudden. — *Tribune*.

Pulls. Salvius e' to the table, *where* *Antonius*
by the hairs of thy head;

A Curtain drawn.

Enter *Centurion* with *Salvius* head.

Cent. Now for *Minutius*. Exeunt.

Enter *Minutius* disguis'd.

Minut. Nay leave me *Sergeants*, I am still *Minutius*
Although disguis'd, and if you longer stay
Those very ensignes of my *Prætorship*
Will soon betray me, and perhaps the *Centurion*
Which you there carry may strike off my head. Exit.
Lifors. Alas, alas, but I am too much pierc'd
Prove our own *Lords* destruction, let's be gone.

Enter *Centurion*,
Soldiers.

Cent. He cannot be escap'd far, that's certain;
What should the *Lifors* else doe here? goe search.
Yet *M. Tullius*, with whose execution *Exeunt milites*,
We were most strigly charged, is escap'd,
With *Quintus Cicero*. But the *Colonell*
Popilius Lenas, and *Herennius*
I hope will overtake them.

Sold. Here's the head
Of that tall Poppy.

{ Enter *Soldiers* with
Minutius head.

Centur. Why, 'tis bravely done.
Come, there are more such Cedars to be lop'd. Exeunt.

Enter

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Enter Quintus Cicero.

Quint. They say the golden and the silver age
Was then, when frugal mankind was content
With those displayed riches, which the earth
Inveils her self with, and her conceal'd entrails
Were not rent up in quarries deep as hell,
For those pernicious world-disturbing metals;
But sure this is the age of gold and silver,
When those two precious perils, are the poles
And hinges of the world, whereon it moves;
I might perhaps with my beloved brother
Have been secure and safe, whereas being forc'd
For lack of money to return, each step
I take, is ready to surrender me
Into the hands of death.

Enter Quintus Juno.

Quint. Jun. O Father, Father,
Your treacherous Servants have betray'd you, come
For heavens sake, come; death, death is at your heels.

Exeunt.

Enter Centurion, Soldiers.

Cent. Bring his son hither, though you find not him.

Exeunt Sold.

Quintus return'd! I wonder where's his brother.

Enter Soldiers with Quintus Juno.

Sold. Himself we cannot find, but here's young **Quint.**
Cent. Come you hither, where's your father, quickly tel me.

Quint. Jun. O that I knew, my ever honor'd Sir,
The place of thy abode, alas; or whether
Thou art yet living, or hast now betray'd forth
Thy sacred spirit: for a thousand pains,
My breast all gor'd with darts, hands cut with chains,
Famine, of sword, or all should never move
Me make a rupture in my filial love.

Cent. Cease this dissembling language, and reveal him,
Or by the Heavens thou die.

Quint. Jun. No, villainous **Centurion** threaten life,
If I knew where my reverend father were,
That would extort it soonest. 'Tis my wish
I may soon quit this life.

Cent. With stripes, with wounds,
With torments worse than death, imperious pains
Shall rend thy secrets from thy stubborn breast.

Qu. Jun. Pish! these are nothing, threat more & heavier,
Expose me to the ravenous Lyons paw;
Fling me into some common Jakes, or Dungeon,
Wind off my flesh with piners, doe and crane
Young Vultures with the bits before my eyes;
Yet had I hid my father, as you deem,
I never would betray so dear, so sacred,
So glorious a treasure.

Cent. Take him thence,
And torture this fond elf till he confess.

Quint. sen. Above.

Exeunt Soldiers with
Quintus Juno.

Quint. sen. O what a virtuous son have I, was ever
Such piety in so few years? he dares
Th' extreamest of their tortures, with a spirit
Constant as Virtue's self. See how they wrack him!
My melting bowels yern within me; oh!
Each stripe they give him cuts my very soul.
See, see, they are even weary of tormenting,
And yet the youth still firm. O Pity!

Enter Soldiers with young Qu. as from torture.

Cent. What? where's his father? has he yet confess'd?

Quint. Jun. Confest **Centurion**! no I will not, cannot,
I am not **Juno's** Iris, that my eyes
Should reach from hence to **Macedon**.

Cent. To **Macedon**?

Why his own servants say he is return'd.

Qu. Such slaves as they that would betray their master,
If he were in their clutches; may not they
Cheat thee as well?

Cent. 'Tis folly to conteste,
What force shall soon unobscure speak,
Where is he?

Qu. Jun. What's that to thee? I dare the worst, **Centurion**,
Thy malice can inflict.

Cent. Nay, then I see

I must my self chastise you; come ye weefell.

Enter Quint. sen.

Qu. sen. Nay hold **Centurion**, here I am before you,
Quintus the father whom you seek for.

Qu. Jun. Ah,

What mean you father, that you thrust your self
Into the jaws of certain fate? I could
Have spit defiance in the face of cruelty.
Though she had harbour'd in her friendlike looks
A thousand deaths.

Quint. sen. Indeed I doe beleve it,
And let me kisse thee for thy piety;
But old unfruitfull stocks must be cut down,
When their decaying, and now saplesse heads
Keep off the quickning sun-beans from the young
And hopefull renderings which they overtop.
Suppose, my son, I had still liv'd, and thou
Been made a prey to their relentless rage,
I should have died too: for my bloodlesse loins
Are dry and barren; but in thee my son
I shall survive my self.

Cent. Ha, ha, ha!

Qu. sen. I hope you doe not mock at my calamity.
Cent. Survive in him? I, so you shall, and both
Be ferryed o're the **Syrian** lake together.

Qu. sen. What! must my son then die? what has he done,
Alas? **Cent.** 'Tis erime enough to have a life.

Qu. sen. I then kill me first, for sure I shall anticipate
Your bloody hands, if I but see him slain.

Qu. Jun. Nay on my knees with suppliant breath I beg
I may die first, it is a boone I shall

Prize

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Prize even above my life.

Cent. We'll soon decide you controversy, you shall die together.

(Both slain.)

Cent. Take hence the bodies and unhead them quickly.

Exeunt.

Enter *Popilius Lenas* with *Marcus Tullius Cicero's* head and hands.

A princely gift, by *Jove*; *Popilius Lenas*,
Thou hast now play'd the royal butcher; on;
And let *Antonius* bless his longing eyes
With sight of such a welcome present. Hal!
Is this that *Cicero's* head that thunder'd so
In our Tribunals? Hal! is this that mouth
Was wont to spit such lightning? or are those,
Those hands which whiletime thump'd our *Rostra* so?
I, even the self same head, and mouth, and hands.
Then *Antony* triumph, thy foe is dead,
The trophies of his fall, these hands, this head.

Exit.

Enter *Pomponia*, *Laureas*, *Tyro*.

Lawr. Dire, horrid, bitter fates! did *Rome* ere see
A cruelty of such a high degree?
Whose griefs shall I first publish? thine,
Unhappy Widow? or the States? or mine?
Thine that hast lost so excellent a brother?
The States, that cannot now produce another,
So reverend a Patriot? or mine own,
That have now lost so good a Lord? I grone
Under the burden of my loss, nor can
Summon the smallest character of Man
Into my wounded breast.

Pomp. Come, *Laureas*, come,
Expound the series of his death; my heart
Is turned adamant, I cannot weep,
Stupidity has seiz'd me, and me thinks
I feel a kind of pleasure in the story
Of woes complex and perfect, I am even
Transformed to a statue: Small griefs mourn,
But great ones, such as mine, much like the head
Of the deformed *Gorgon*, turn to stone,
And make us our own sepulchres.

Lawr. Good *Tyro*,
Tell thou the Tragick story, for my voice
Is strangled by a throng of struggling sighs,
Crouding from out my wounded breast.

Tyro. Then thus,
Departing hence we went to *Tusculum*,
Where hearing of these Outlawries and proscriptions,
They suddenly determin'd for *Astya*.
So we convey'd them both into two Litters
Weak as they were, alas! but on the way
Your husband calling to his sad remembrance

That at his fatal seating forth he took
But little money with him, and his brother;
My Lord had scarce sufficient for himself;
He thought it best in such an urgent straight;
His brother should hold on, while he himself
Returned home to furnish him with necessities,
And so to hast and overtake him; this
They both agreed upon, and so embracing
Tears trickling down their cheeks, they took their leaves
Of one another.

Lawr. Thus departing souls
Doe bid adieu unto their fading manions,
For never nature strove so much, as when
This honor'd pair sigh'd forth their last farewells,
Twas a sad Omen that they ne'r should meet.

Tyro. My Lord being come at length unto *Astya*,
Found a ship ready and imbarqu'd immediately,
And with a fair and prosperous gale of wind
Sailed along the coast unto Mount *Civra*,
And there he landed; but on other thoughts
He went aboard again, for 'twas his mind
To be convey'd by sea unto his farm

Which is by *Capua*; but before we landed,
Rowing securely by the pleasant shore,
Our linens swelling with the *Etesian* gales,
Which in the Summer season fan that tract,
A shoal of Crows came waving through the aire;
As we conjectur'd from a little Temple
Standing upon the shore, and dedicated
To God *Apollo*; these most strangely crying
Lighted upon our Sailyards, with their bills
Pulling the cords, which made our heavy hearts
Preface some sinister and dismall luck
Then imminent, yet being come a land,
We brought him to his house, where he repos'd
Himself a while, to see if he could sleep.

Lawr. Unhappy sleep! for straight this drouzy brother,
Was seconded by his pale sister Dearth,

Tyro. But loe, the former shoal with louder crye,
Came hither also, beating 'gainst the windows,
Till some of them got in, and never ceas'd,
Till with their bills they had pluckt off at length
The cloathes wherewith his face was covered.
We, seeing this, were angry with our selves
As too too negligent of our Masters safety,
Saying we were more vile then savage creatures,
Should we still tarry in that fatal place,
And see perhaps our Lord, before our eyes
Cruelly butcher'd, wherefore with all speed
Partly by force, and partly by incrarey,
We carry him again unto his Litter,
And so in hast departed toward the seas;
But being come into a shady wood
Which the Sun never pierces with his beams
To glad the widowed ear.

Lawr. A place decreed
By fate, I think, for such a villany;
For should the Sun have seen so foul an act,

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

It would have turned retrograde, and hid
His visage from such cruelty.

Tyro. Well here,
In this same gloomy canopy of horror,
Popilius Lenas overtook the Litter.

Pomp. Who, he whose cause my brother *Marcius* once
Pleaded before the Judges, when he was
Accused for his father's death?

Tyro. The same.
We stood prepar'd to spend our dearest blood,
Before we would have seen our Master slain;
But ah! my Lord commands us not to stir,
And to speak truth, it was in vain, for *Lenas*
Had armed Soldiers with him, and was followed
By other Centiniers! Then, O then my Lord
Thrust out his aged head from forth the Litter,
And taking, as his manner was, his beard
In his left hand, and looking manfully
His Headman in the face, he stoutly said,
Come Soldier come, strike off this head of mine.

Lawr. We stood like statues with our trembling hands
Before our wretched eyes, for 'twould have struck
A Tyger with remorse to have beheld him.

Tyro. Then *Lenas* with a thrice repeated stroke
Hackt off his head; there was scarce blood enough
Fell from those aged veins to stain the sword,
And prove it conscious of so foul a murder.

Lawr. Thus was divided from his breathless trunk
That sacrary of Learning, where the Graces,
Graces that never had a Cytherea
To be their Mistress, mov'd in their right sphears,
Where *Hermes* was inthron'd, that winged Patron
Of heaven-born elocution, but without
His silching Art; for that State-piracy
The bribing Science was as far from him
As *Themis* self; where *Pallas* too was lodg'd,
Not she that strove with *Venus* for an apple
On the *Idaan* hill, but such a one
That deem'd eternalls but as chaffe and dust,
In lieu of inward beauties, which inform
The Intelligences of our souls and make them
Comply with Heaven and Immortality.

Lastly, where all the Deities invested
In their divinit purities, did dwell
As 'twere in a compendious Capitoll.

Tyro. But *Cicero's* reverend head was not enough;
The hands that wrote those glorious *Philippicks*
Must be cut off too.

Lawr. Those illustrious hands
Which once held up this tottering Common-wealth,
And set her on her feet, when she was falling
From her proud orb into a gulph of Fire.

Tyro. That head, those hands, are both divorc'd, & sever'd
From his now moldred carcase, and no doubt
Are by this time *Antonius* game and sport;
For *Lenas* posset with them to the City.

Pomp. Why, here's a story at whose sad relation,
Demetrius might change his laughing humour

And side with *Heracilius*. As for me
I cannot weep; but *Lawcas*, prethy tell me
How came *Popilius* to find you out?
Me thinks he could not, without information,
So shrewdly light upon the self same way
Which you had took before him; was it fate?

Lawr. 'Twas fate, that's certain Madam, 'twas, but ah
There was an engine which the Destinies
Did make their agent. *Pomp.* Whom?

Tyro. *Philologus*.

Pomp. *Philologus*?

Lawr. I, he betray'd your brother,
The Oracle from which he learn'd the mysteries
Of pure Philosophy. He, he it was
Who, being left behind us at the house,
Reveal'd the way we took unto the Colonell.

Pomp. And where's the villain?

Lawr. Brought by *Lenas* hither
To be rewarded of *Antonius*

As for a service of egregious merit.

Pomp. I, so he shall, I'll see his wages paid. *Exit Pomp.*

Lawr. Come *Tyro*, since our day is set for ever,
Wee'll live like owles, those Citizens of Night.
Like Owles indeed, but like *Athenian* owles;
Thou shalt sublime thy pen, and write the life
Of our deceased Lord, that spotless life,
Which *Virtue's* self might make her meditation.
Tyro thou shalt, and I poor *Lawcas*, I
Will sit and sigh forth mourning Elegies
Upon his death, he while he liv'd good man,
Delighted in my Muse, and now my quill
Shall consecrate his name toth' Muses hill. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonius, Fulvia.

Popilius Lenas crowned, *Cicero's* head in one
hand, and his hands in the other.

Ant. *Lenas*, 'twas nobly done, and thou hast well
Deserv'd that crown which circles in thy Temples.
The head of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*!

Takes it of Popilius.
Why 'tis a Kingly present, Ha, ha, ha!
Derides and misuses it.

Fulv. To mee:
Ant. Rub and a good cast. Ha, ha, ha!
Fulv. Bravely bowl'd, & faith.
Come up here.

*Takes it up, and sitting down
places it upon her knees.*
Now I'll be revenged

For your tart nipping jeers---yes Reverend Sir,
Fulvia's indebted to the State---too long.

Phl. The no whit covetous wife of *Antony*,
Whom you describe without all contumely,
Owes the third pension to the *Roman* people.
Indeed! but does shee? yes, nor will I wrong
The people of their due, the debt's thy tongue.
Cuts out his tongue.

Ex. 2.

Here

The Tragedy of M. Tullius Cicero.

Heretak't. I warrant him for barking now.
I will make a better foot-ball then a bowle.

Enter Antonius, Lepidus, Octavius
Piso, and others.

Kickst away.

Ant. Have at it. (Coytes the hands to the head.)

Take them good Popilius,
And place them on the *Rostra*, where he vomited
His *Philippicks* against me. Let his head
Be set betwixt his hands, 'twill be a brave
And goodly spectacle.

Popil. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Ant. Doe *Fulvia* stab it; give't as many wounds
As *Julius Caesar* had, whose horrid murder,
That worme extoll'd as an heroic deed,
Well I must leave you for a while to meet
My Colleagues, *Lepidus* and *Octavius Caesar*.

Exit.

Peto. That such a poultry thing as this should make
So great a bustling in a Commonwealt?
I heard my husband once compare his lungs
To *Vulcan's* bellows, and his head to *Aena*;
His words to flame, and this his tongue to fire.
But now I think 'tis quencht, it burns not now;
Nay, 'tis as cold as stone, no thunder in't,
No lightning flies from't. Sure this is not that
Herculean tongue that lately was so weighty,
That it could crush such Gyants of the State
As it hath done to Nothing. Yes the same,
Then *Fulvia* march along, and banish fear,
Thou hast that tongue upon thy silver spear.

Exit.

Enter *Pomponia*.

Pomp. Anger will give me strength, Bloudy *Antonius*
Thou shalt not thus evade; as once the stout
And stern *Amazon* foil'd the *Grecian* rout,
Or as th' enraged *Menas* arm'd with thyself,
With pace directed by inspired force,
Affrights the woods, and quite distract makes gush,
The bloud which she perceives not; wil I rush
Upon these *Roman* Canniballs; if I die
I shall enjoy my *Quintus* company.
Alas, alas! what foolish rage is this?
We must appeal to heaven when we are wrong'd,
And not be our own carvers, Such State-gyants
Must have a fovee to curb them. Yet *Philologus*,
That traitorous villain, that ungratefull wretch,
Whom not my husbands *Mismission*,
Nor the divinct precepts of my brother,
Could keep within the bounds of faith and piety,
He, he shall rue it if I live, base Caitiff!

Flourish.

Pomponia.
Cruell *Tyrannoir*, though thou hast unliv'd
My honour'd husband, my beloved son,
Though thou hast slain my brother, and with him
Rent up the very groundwork of our Capitoll.
And thown more cruelty to those sacred reliques
Of his dissolved corps, then *Victory*
Did perpetrate on the *Emathian Perseus*
On the triumphed *Fugurth*, and King *Syphax*,
Or *Hannibal* himself, not one of whom
Was sent defective to the lower shades
With members violated, yet I come not
Like the poor widow'd *Eleuba*, to raise
And tell thee to what depth thou hast transgressed
The laws of goodnesse, and religious Nature,
Making thy self the hate of men and Gods,
Nor doe I come to beg thy infamous sword
To rip that wombe whose fruit thou hast destroy'd,
Though I would hug my destiny. No *Antonius*,
But only to put up a fair *Petition*
Whose grant will somewhat wipe away the rust
Which sullies thy bad name, and make posterity
Say thou didst something worthy of a *Roman*,
And thy renowned stock, and this it is,
By all that's dear unto thee, I beseech thee
Shelter not treason, but deliver me
The villain that betray'd my brother *Martius*.

Ant. *Philologus*?

Pomp. I, hee Sir.

Ant. Bring him forth;
Though such a treason was expedient,
Yet such a Traitor must not live.
Caf. My Lord,
You are most just in't.
Lep. So says *Lepidus*.
Piso. 'Tis god-like equity.
Ant. *Pomponia* take him, he's at your disposing.
Pomp. You heard that, Varier, now you're mine again;
I'll make you pray to a more hellish vulture
Then that of *Tityus*, thou thy self shalt see
Thy own foul flesh by morrells off, and make
Thy own gaunt entrails thy own sepulchery
Nay 'tis in vain.

Phil. For heavens sake, good my Lord,
Shee drags him out.

Enter *Popilius Lenax*.

Popil. My Lord, the Tribune *Publius Aulcius*
Is with his wife escap'd away by flight.

Ant. No matter, my long wish for him is wonne,
And Cicero slain, the whole prescription's done.

FINIS.

